

The American Legion Weekly

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The Challenge of
the Vesle

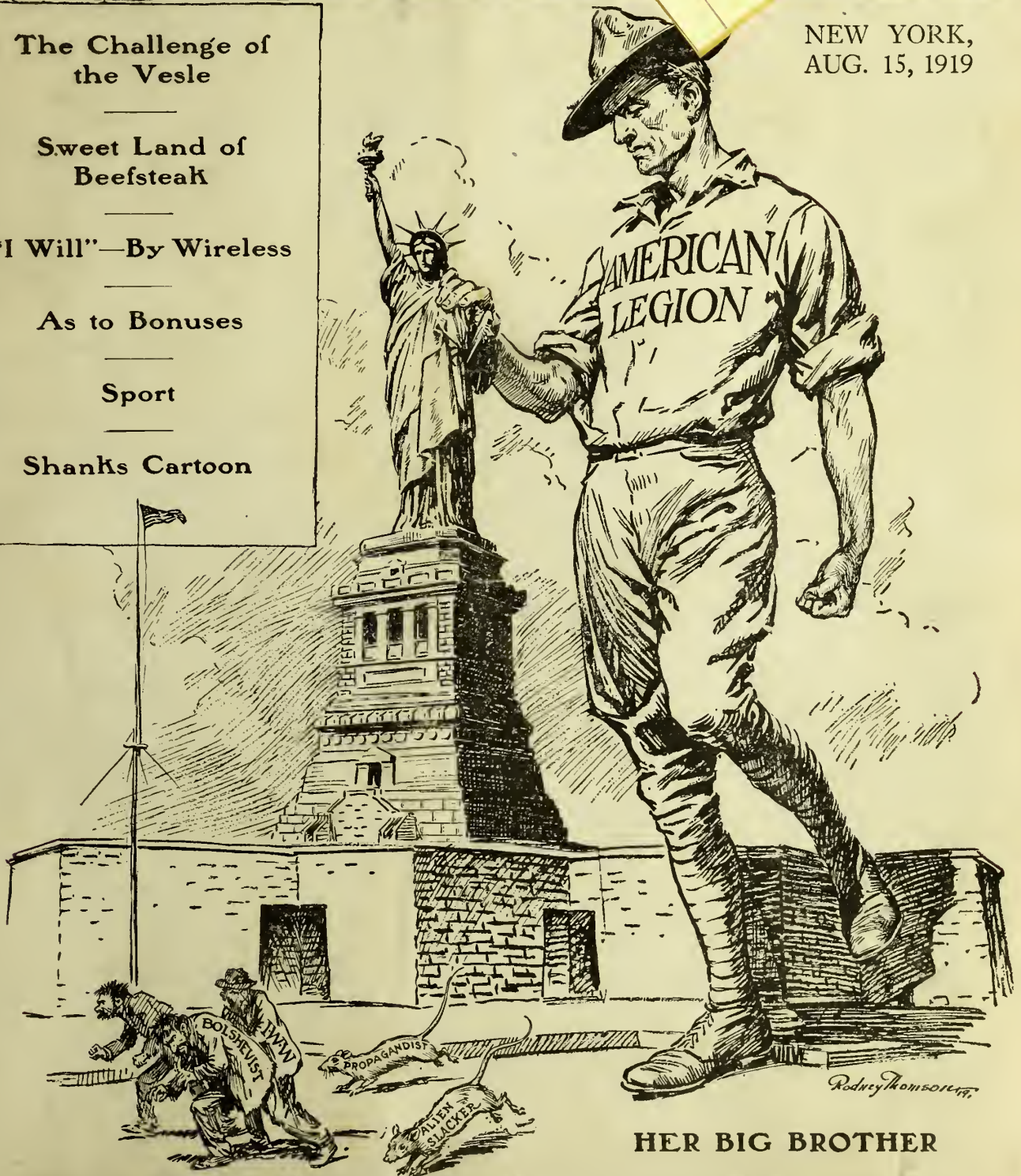
Sweet Land of
Beefsteak

"I Will"—By Wireless

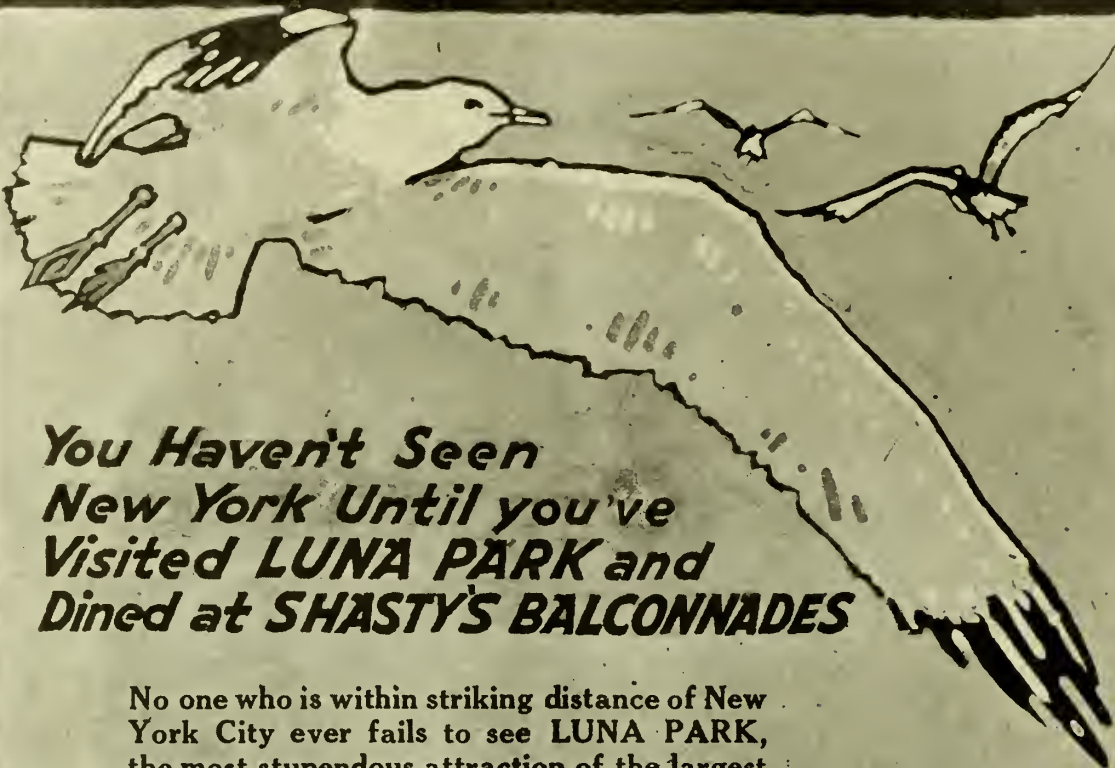
As to Bonuses

Sport

Shanks Cartoon



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The Challenge of The Vesle



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Every move of the Americans started Boche artillery fire

Raw Troops Became Veterans at the "Hell-Hole"

ALL is quiet this August along the Vesle river of sluggish waters and bitter memories, the name of which was printed daily in headlines near the ever-lengthening casualty lists in American newspapers of a year ago.

Perhaps those abbreviated French trains, consisting of a few dwarfed coaches and a diminutive locomotive, are running from Chateau-Thierry up to Bazoches, provided the twisted rails and shell-splintered ties have been replaced on the tracks which follow along the river's northern bank crossing the stream at Fismette. It may be that reconstruction in France has progressed far enough to lift from the railroad cut, where German explosives dropped it, the bridge which carries the Rheims-Rouen national highway by the blighted wood of Chateau du Diable and on into Fismes. The valley of the Vesle undoubtedly appears to be peaceful.

But the advance guard of the unleashed tourists who visit this section of the front, which the Americans knew as "The Hell-Hole of the Vesle," should be warned that the river, though sullen

By EDWIN NEWELL LEWIS

and placid, still has its fangs. Let the visitor who doubts this assertion forsake the numerous crude wooden bridges which span its thirty feet wide and ten feet deep waters and attempt to swim across. Ten chances to one his limbs will be lacerated by the slimy grip of rusty barbed-wire obstacles which the Germans of the Crown Prince's army placed cunningly two or three feet under water. In this same manner the river, which at first did not seem to constitute a formidable obstacle, trapped the doughboys in its submarine meshes when, the engineers' bridges shot away by enemy artillery, the infantry made good their designation as foot soldiers and plunged to the attack in straightening out the front line in the outpost zone.

FROM a tactical point of view, the campaign fought on the Vesle suffers from comparison with the Chateau-Thierry advance which began in July, with the subsequent advance to the

Aisne which removed our troops from the valley of the Vesle on September 4 and with the gigantic operation of driving the Germans from the Forest of the Argonne during the four weeks which followed September 26. Operations along the Vesle from August 4 to Labor Day a year ago were not coordinated in the steady forward progress of an offensive; neither is it correct to say that our troops were on the defensive during this period. The Vesle, for the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the new National Army division which co-operated with the French, was a holding operation, a phase of stationary warfare out in the open during a period of respite in which the enemy, temporarily halting his retreat, attempted to regain his breath under shelter of terrific artillery activity. Except for occasional local encounters and isolated clashes with the enemy in the outpost zone,—minor operations usually planned to get a foothold on small villages occupying strategic positions across the river,—the Americans crouched grimly in the valley and took whatever the Germans



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The Boche scored a direct hit on regimental headquarters

had to offer in the way of artillery and aeroplane attacks.

Imagine, if the elasticity of your mind will warrant such a stretch, that some one, after capturing a nest housing a large and active population of hornets, gave it to you to hold, with instructions that you were to stand right there in your tracks and hold on to that hornet's nest, regardless of what the hornets might decide to do. If you were to dig yourself frantically into the ground until only a thumb and forefinger remained exposed to keep a grip on the branch where the hornet's nest grew, then you would be in exactly the frame of mind and actual position of the infantry, machine gun and artillery units who burrowed into the partly wooded slopes above the Vesle to avoid the stingers flying over from the Boche batteries.

As boxers with hands tied behind their backs, absorbing punishment from the fists of their opponents, the battalions on the Vesle had to take over and hold by mere force of physical occupancy positions taken from the Germans when the Chateau-Thierry drive lost its initial momentum and came to a standstill in the face of determined opposition. They could neither advance nor fall back to improve their positions. The orders were to stick right there. And they obeyed orders and stuck. To any one who is at all familiar with military fundamentals it is evident that such a predicament constitutes the most severe test for recruit divisions made up of troops freshly arrived from the so-called quiet sectors.

HEREIN is the significance of the Vesle. It brought raw troops up to a full stop as they cracked their helmets against the real thing in modern warfare. Its waters figuratively seethed in a great test tube from which untried

troops were cast forth three weeks later, a bit dazed and exhausted, but with their mettle tempered and their morale strengthened.

The fiber of the American stuff which stood the final acid test in the Argonne was toughened by subjection to terrible stress on the Vesle. For the first time weary officers and men realized the relationship between making good and what the British sergeant-major in the bayonet class had called "guts." For the first time they were impressed with the violence of artillery warfare, with its high explosive shells and its gas shells so effective in rendering a command ineffective. For the first time it was brought home to puzzled minds under

mud-stained helmets that fighting the Huns, instead of meaning what Tommy Atkins always called a "push"—an advance which carried one forward almost automatically in the splendid impetus of attack—might mean, and in more instances did mean, existing for days and nights like human prairie dogs; groveling in funk-holes which threatened to cave in from the concussion of each recurring shell-burst; suffering casualties and being cruelly punished by an unseen enemy five miles away; receiving blow after blow and not being able to strike back except through the indirect agency of supporting artillery which was reported to be giving the Boche two shells for every one he sent over to us.

On the map the Vesle river is a narrow, crinkly, double line, less impressive than the broad black line with red dots to mark the national highway north of it. On the ground it is a muddy, snake-like stream with the varying depth of a New England trout brook, winding slowly a tortuous course through a country that had been wooded before the combined destruction poured forth from Allied and Teuton artillery reduced the trees to sterile, gaunt trunks devoid of foliage. In the memory of the men who lived as rabbits in the huge warren which the slopes south of its valley concealed twelve months ago, the Vesle means something more than a river. There they underwent their baptism of fire. They approached its banks as recruit divisions. A month later these same troops were chosen as veteran divisions to participate in the drive through the Argonne. They had

arrived. At the very time of discouragement, when they feared that they were being shattered as fighting units, they were, although they did not guess it, finding themselves.

IN order to get a close-up of a particular phase of this ordeal, consider the experiences of one outfit, a regiment of National Army troops, which had been rushed, early in August, 1918, by motor lorries from the vicinity of La Ferte Gaucher across the Marne and through the battered debris of Chateau-Thierry to the evil-smelling woods north of Fere-en-Tardenois. There they caught the sickening breath of war. Bodies of dead Germans and dead horses polluted the only ground which afforded protection from enemy aeroplane observation. Raids were made immediately on nearby mineral water dumps which the Germans had abandoned in their flight, the American boys hoping perhaps, to lull the sense of smell into inaction by an over-gratification of the sense of taste. Orders provided that for a few days the troops were to clean their arms and other equipment. Some gossip was occasioned by the official suggestion from the brigade commander to his assembled officer that steps should be taken at once to designate and train a second-in-command in each infantry company and platoon and in each machine gun section.

With night marches the cautious advance towards the rumbling and flashing valley of the Vesle began. Any movement by daylight once registered in the powerful lens of Boche binoculars was sure to bring down accurate and decidedly heavy artillery fire on the unlucky troops so exposed. One battalion was hustled forward one night to reinforce the outpost zone, taking up



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Shells burst with violence over the doughboys' heads

a position near the little village of Ville Savoye, with two companies thrown across the Vesle behind the railroad embankment and two companies in support on the slope just south of the river.

As soon as the Germans discovered the location of this battalion, they lobbed gas shells into Ville Savoye and along the railroad cut from their batteries, concealed by the hills at the edge of the Aisne plateau. Insidious mustard gas that clung to the damp marsh land along the river by night, penetrating funk-holes to claim its victims and reviving with the morning sun to cast off more poisonous fumes, began to make heavy inroads on all four companies. Gas masks and faultless gas discipline offered little protection against this pungent vapor smelling of rare-ripe onions which had been compounded chemically to attack any part of the human body where moisture was found. In those sultry, humid August days the Americans were perspiring freely as they crouched in their funk-holes, breathing with a rasping sound through the flutter valves of their gas masks. For days and for hours at a stretch this gas bombardment continued.

A steadily increasing procession of ambulances was evacuating gas casualties. By order of the surgeon-general of the A. E. F., every man who suffered a mustard gas burn, however slight the injury appeared, was to be sent immediately to the rear for hospital treatment and observation. Alarming reports came back from Ville Savoye to the regimental commander who had his

pallor of their faces. In four days an entire battalion, made up of fresh troops, eager and enthusiastic to get their chance in this historic second battle of the Marne, had been reduced to a pitiful few hundred jaded men, weak and watery-eyed, and this transformation had been wrought by one enemy agency—gas.

THE battalion intelligence officer attempted to get regimental headquarters on the telephone to ask for additional runners.

outfit left training camp in the United States. He died half an hour later, his hand held tightly in the clasp of the captain whose dictation he had been taking when the shell came over. Gassed and suffering from shock, the regimental signal officer, munitions officer and the sergeant-major were taken away in an ambulance.

The Colonel jumped in a side-car, rode to Mont St. Martin, and from there made his way with a runner to the battalion headquarters in Ville



A lull in the fighting



©Press Ill.

These are not the nests of bank swallows, but the individual funk holes of human prairie dogs

P. C. in Chery Chartreuve. One company had been reduced to less than fifty effectives and no officers. The battalion adjutant had been evacuated. Each day brought new victims as the Germans slowly drew their curtain of gas back and forth across the river. Finally the battalion commander, his voice gone and his eyes half-blinded, was led, protesting, to an ambulance. Of his headquarters there remained only the intelligence officer, who should have been evacuated but refused to go, and a few runners whose reddened eyes glowed like live coals against the ashy

"Just a minute, please," came back the low voice of the regimental adjutant. "Call up again—I can't talk to you now."

A direct hit with a combination high explosive and gas shell had been registered on the regimental P. C. Passing through the ceiling of a room adjoining the one where the Colonel was snatching a few hours' sleep, it had burst in the office rigged up for the operations and intelligence staff. A corporal, one leg severed close to his body, had been blown away from the typewriter he had pounded since the

Savoye to see for himself whether conditions were as bad as they were represented. He found they were worse. As soon as he returned to regimental headquarters he dictated a memorandum to the Division Commander in which he summarized the decimation of his battalion in the outpost zone, gave figures to show the astounding number of gas casualties, and concluded by requesting authority to do one of two things—either to attack and improve his position by driving the enemy from the hill commanding the slope north of the Vesle, or to withdraw the two companies to the south side of the river where they would be less exposed to artillery fire. In answer to this memorandum, the regimental commander was relieved of command. It was announced from Corps Headquarters that dispositions on the Vesle would remain unchanged until further orders and that our troops must be made to understand that ex-

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Keeping The Legion Out of the Sky

IN order to show that the American Legion is not drifting skyward into the realm of the unreal, but that rather it is keeping the feet of its 300,000 members firmly on the ground as they advance to fulfillment of its practical purposes. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY in last week's issue discussed the first five ideals enumerated in the preamble to the national constitution adopted at the St. Louis caucus in May, namely:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America.

To maintain law and order.

To foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism.

To preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the Great War.

To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation.

Continuing his persual of this preamble, the new Legion member who has just joined a local post, finds that there are five other purposes of the national organization of American veterans of the War with Germany:

To combat the autocracy of both classes and the masses.

Autocrats and their autocracy which the pages of history tell usually savors of tyranny and despotism and oppression of the governed by those few individuals who have usurped power, have no place in an organization uniting 5,000,000 men and women who donned the United States uniform to help the Allies make the world safe for democracy. History's most recent example of a misguided autocrat who dreamed of independent and self-derived power and who plunged the whole civilized world into war as he pursued the phantom of world supremacy is now confined within a lonely castle at Amerongen. By day he saws wood. At night he dreams, not of a humbled world prostrate before his throne, but of The Tower of London. The Kaiser was an autocrat.

Autocracy of the classes in this country would mean government by the limited few in discrimination against the millions of the governed, while autocracy of the masses would mean mob rule with the millions running riot over the few in a wild orgy of anarchy. The simple truth is that autocracy in any form will not do in the United States. The founders of *The American Legion* first pledged national service men to support of the Constitution of the United States and then, to strengthen this pledge, wrote in the phrase which obligates the Legion to

This is the final article of the series "Bringing Legion Ideals to Earth," showing how the ideals of The American Legion can be practiced in every-day life.

combat any form of government which is less representative than the Constitution of 1787.

To make right the master of might.
VICTORY for the Allies with its consequent defeat for the Germans and their associates in the Great War has worked wonders in bolstering up the faith which prior to August, 1914, almost every human being had, that right, however severely assailed, would inevitably triumph over might. Prussian militarism represented absolute power which knew no restraint. The treaty which guaranteed neutrality to

Six months ago a small body of soldiers in France were trying to find a way to start "some sort of a veterans' organization." At the close of the business day of August 2 the American Legion had chartered 1,285 posts and had applications showing 1,240 more were in process of organization. Sometimes as many as eighty charters are signed and issued daily. Applications average about fifty per day. These figures show that The American Legion is a going concern.

Belgium was tossed aside as a scrap of paper and for two days and two nights, as the late Richard Harding Davis vividly pictured, that field gray stream of German might thundered across the Belgian frontier in the false hope that it would gather momentum to carry it over the outer fortifications of Paris. More than a score of nations were embroiled in the war which followed this invasion. The whole world was thrown out of joint for four years. The Hun was defeated at a terrible cost, but *he was defeated*. Never for one moment did he have right on his side and mere might, although for a time looked as though it would bring victory, has finally committed him to the abject fate of paying the money cost of his destructive work through indemnities which will point an accusing finger at his children's children in the Germany of the future.

To promote peace and good will on earth.

In these words The American Legion calls attention to the fact that it is an after-the-war association of veterans who, having put the great adventure behind them, are banded together to enjoy the great peace which has been obtained through heroic sacrifice and splendid achievement. The Legion is non-military and non-militaristic. It is a civilian organization. Civilians cherish peace and good will without which life would again take on the abnormal characteristics of war.

Mutual understanding and co-operation in peaceful pursuits cannot be taken for granted, however, in a world that has just emerged from the shadows of distrust and suspicion which accompany a war.

A doughboy at one of the demobilization camps, when showed an enrollment card for The American Legion, scrutinized it carefully, confessing that he thought, at first, that it was a reenlistment card and that the Government was trying to sign him up for three more years right after presenting him with a red chevron. That soldier, like the city of Boston, represents a type of mind.

Hence the Legion has promised to "promote peace and good will," to make them convincing and to give them a chance to grow by removing the weeds which choke their development.

To safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy.

In other words, to preserve what we Americans got out of the Great War for, as Bishop Charles H. Brent said in a recent issue of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, our spoils were spiritual, not physical booty. Material gain would never have tempted the United States to enter the war and to fight as the Americans did fight after they were once in it.

JUSTICE and freedom and democracy are splendid words, but often convey so many different meanings to as many different men that the prudent individual avoids general definitions. The veteran of the great war knows what these words mean, even if he cannot express himself. When the Stars and Stripes flutter down the staff on the parade ground at retreat why does John Binks, private in the rear rank of the eighteen squad, feel thrilled from his sun-burned neck to the freshly shined heels of his field shoes? He doesn't know exactly. That emotion is patriotism.

In this same fundamental sense, justice
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Sweet Land of Beefsteak

AND so I said unto him, go thou and send thy man servant and thy maid servant after the fatted calf, for the O. D. son returneth. Send not for the bull, for the prodigal bringeth plenty with him. Hath he not dwelt a year with the sons of many fathers in the rainiest rain and the muddiest mud of France? Hath not his cause prospered and is not his Uncle Samuel pleased?

Wherefore, he cometh back to the promised land and soon after he coppeth the crimson chevron, he shall be clad in a glorious new raiment for which he shall give many talents of gold. And lo, the clothiers and the hatters shall rejoice exceedingly. Ah, oui—

Well, then, he returneth. What manner of person is this gold-striped (and incidentally, gold-striped) veteran who now walks "by the number," and feels like calling for the corporal of the guard, through sheer delight at being in these decidedly United States?

What has the service done for—and to—him?

Beacoup.

It has taught me to live in a barrack bag of blue (good song title, "My Barrack Bag of Blue"—copyright waived). It has put me through a course in light (and heavy) mobile housekeeping, including a frequent session at denuding potatoes, and

"Washing the dishes

"Against my wishes

"To make the world safe for democracy."

It has taught me to "carry on"—meaning—carrying everything on my back. (I'll laugh no more at an immigrant lugging a lumber edition of an overstocked Woolworth store.) It has proved to me that an Ostermoor can be replaced by chicken wire and a bed-sack. It has impressed me with the untold quantity of iodine in the world. It has taught me the first and last names and the next of kin of a flock of wines and mademoiselles. It has made me believe that foreign service,

By GERALD B. SPIERO

with its constant shift of station, is like a checker game: You move all the time and if you don't watch out you'll get "crowned." It has taught me to soldier.

But the A. E. F. has done a bigger thing than that for its members.

Infantry, A. E. F., who was recently restored to his haunts in Des Moines or Kansas City, doesn't differ much, from first class private citizen Whoosis, who wore size fifteen collars and single clasp garters. Yet Private Whoosis's friends, relatives and countrymen are sorely disappointed if there doesn't step down the gangplank a walking recommendation for Sozodent or Sozodid or Martyr's Little Flivver Pills.

The point is that the vital difference in Private Whosis, as compared with the former Mr. Whoosis, lies in his habits and his thoughts. The masterful combination of a new life and a hard-boiled top kick changed his old habits and thoughts faster than five-franc notes. (This is quite irrelevant, but it just occurs to us that Job, the afflicted, was the original hard-boiled guy.)

Suppose that Private Whoosis is one of the homecoming "vets" who is hard as a hob-nail. Suppose he is as bronzed as one of Mr. Lincoln's pennies; as brawny as the far-famed village blacksmith, and as broad as the man who sees a legitimate excuse for brown derbies and white spats, even if he is a derby and spat teetotaler.

The bronze will tarnish. The brawn will be moulded into nothingness under the folds of the formfit civvies (war tax extra) that the seductive clothing clerk will sell him. And his broadness will be tried to the last—not to say the final—extremity by such questions as: "Are the French girls really as pretty as they say?", "Do they shake a more wicked shimmy in Maxim's than they do here?", and "Oh, do tell me if the Latin Quarter is so er—unconventional?"

However, long after Private Whoosis forgets the heartless bugler that the service substituted for the jazzing alarm clock, long after he forgets why the Quartermaster didn't rent the extra room in his tin hat, he will remember that the service instilled a wonderful

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The answer, my dear Watson, is that the trip abroad convinced Private Whoosis and myself that we owe Christopher Columbus, of Genoa and Spain, personal debts of gratitude for having been kind enough to discover America. The A. E. F. has had an orbful of Mr. Baedeker's highly advertised world and—with no disrespect to the "Associated Powers"—the A. E. F. has come back prouder than ever of State Street or Broadway or Vine Street, and determined to tear up every tourist advertisement it sees.

IN outward appearance, ex-First Class Private Aloysius Whoosis, No. 18794657, late of the Umpty-umpty

THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

As to A Bonus

ON another page there appears a query from a local post as to the present status of the bonus-for-soldiers question, together with a reply thereto made by Mr. Henry D. Lindsley, Chairman of the Joint National Executive Committee of Thirty-Four of the American Legion. The question is raised as to whether the question of additional compensation for men who were in service was settled fully and finally at the St. Louis Convention of the Legion. Can it come up at the Minneapolis Convention?

The reply not only gives the direct response to that question, but provides the keynote for answer to all questions of a similar character, affecting matters of policy and common interest among those who were in service. The reply is truly expressive of the spirit in which the Legion was formed and in which it is sweeping the country in its growth. Mr. Lindsley, speaking for the National Headquarters, reiterates the basic formula that the American Legion is an organization of all men who were in service and that its voice is the majority voice of all the members.

The St. Louis caucus was the counterpart in America of the Paris caucus in France. It formally launched the organization in the United States of the 4,800,000 men who were in service during the war. The St. Louis caucus was representative of every branch of the service and of every section of the country. The one thousand delegates unanimously indicated their disinclination to go on record at that time as asking Congress to provide a cash bonus.

But, it is conceivable that the question will be brought up at the Minneapolis Convention, as any other question may come up at that meeting. It is the privilege of any delegate from any section of the country to bring up the bonus question or any other question. The Minneapolis Convention will mark the official birth of the Legion and will be representative of all who were in service. Its actions will reflect the majority sentiment and the majority voice of the men who were in service. They will sponsor what they choose to sponsor. Each delegate, being previously elected by the service men of his community will go to the Minneapolis Convention to register their wishes and their ideas—and their wishes will prevail in all matters.

After the Alien Slackers

THE State Organization of the American Legion in Oregon has compiled a list of all alien slackers, giving their names to the press for publication and is making their existence uncomfortable generally. Foreigners who canceled their first papers at the outbreak of war are included in the list of alien slackers. The attention of men who employ alien slackers and who deal with them is being brought by the Legion's local members to these undesirables. Similar action throughout the country may be looked for shortly.

Americans are credited with the characteristic of forgetting quickly—but the men who were in service are not going to forget the alien slacker either now or later. They are very much in earnest in their opposition to entertaining these undesirables longer in America. The issue will not be neglected or laid aside. The discreet and provident alien slacker will make his steamer reservations early.

Americanization Specialists

THE plan of Columbia University to recruit and train teachers in the "science of Americanization" is another sign of the new order of things. Those who seek to aid the natural assimilative processes of the country by teaching the immigrant of our ways, are to be thoroughly grounded in their work. At the outset they are to be brought closely in touch with the immigrant and his point of view. All of which would seem to be fundamental; but the fact that the present effort is the first, suggests that we may have been remiss. Americanization of immigrants necessarily must be slow where no system is used. We have room for a great army of trained specialists.

Peddlers in Uniform

PEDDLERS in the American uniform should receive no consideration from anyone. When they do not represent their own unworthiness they reflect the vicious greed of some grasping individual or firm which has tempted them to prey upon the sensibilities of the public. Do not buy from them in the belief that you are showing an appreciation of men who were in service. Rather, you are helping support an abuse that is resented by service men generally.

Saying "I Will"—by Wireless

Wedding Shows Progress of Radio Telephony

By EDGAR H. FELIX

ALTHOUGH the wedding-in-the-air of Lieutenant Burgess and Miss Schaeffer, while flying over the crowd at the Sheepshead Bay Speedway in New York recently, is not the first that has taken place above the earth, the use of the radio telephone made it unique in many ways. Lieutenant Burgess and the bride went up in one plane; the best man piloted the minister up in another; and by use of a wireless telephone on the ground, the bride was "given away."

Moreover, a crowd of 200,000 spectators in the grandstand and on the field listened to the ceremony. Messages were wirelessly from the airplanes and amplified through loud-speaking receivers so that every person in the crowd heard every word, and especially the "I will" of the bride.

Such weddings have one decided advantage; there is no possibility of the conventional villain marching up the aisle to say, "I object to this ceremony." So long as he is not supplied with a wireless telephone he is helpless.

The day is soon coming, very soon, when it will be unusual to think of aircraft without radio telephones; or at least, radio telegraph equipment. The NC-4 and the R-34 in their trans-Atlantic flights kept in touch with both sides of the ocean. For the long distance communication radio telegraph was used, employing the Morse code, but for short distance work the radio telephone was always used.

The problem of landing the great dirigible R-34 when she reached this side was simplified by the use of radio communication. One of her officers, as she arrived over Roosevelt Field, decided it would be better to run things himself, so, taking his parachute off the hook, he dropped a couple of thousand feet down to Mother Earth. His knees were perhaps a bit stiff and he may still have had his air legs with him—of course, aviators do not have sea legs—but he made it possible for the boys in the dirigible to know just what to do and hence the landing was made successfully.

ALL large air craft will be landed by radio telephonic instructions in the future. Radio telephones will serve as lighthouses—or, perhaps more

navigation will be somewhat overshadowed by the convenience it will prove to be in the transaction of business while en route, just as the wireless telegraph has been aboard steamers.

It is not realized generally how valuable and necessary the radio has become to navigation—that is, to transmit storm warnings and weather reports, but we all have appreciated the press news reports and the business message which have kept us in touch, while at sea, with the rest of the world.

When planes fly to London from New York in ten hours we may not find press news as important as we do now, traveling on a ten-day liner. But for important information the radio telephone will be used. In flying across the Channel during the Peace Conference, Lloyd George used a radio telephone to keep in touch hourly with affairs both in England and France.

One of our great multi-millionaires has an enormous ranch in Montana 250 miles long. For a long time his manager had his troubles—it seemed to be impossible to be at the right place at the right time to attend to business that urgently required his supervision. But now his troubles are over. There are four wireless stations on the ranch and Mr. Manager flies around in a Curtiss plane which has radio equipment. He can order his dinner at Mess Hall Number Four while on his way in the air to inspect station Number One—the Dairy Division. Receiving weather reports at station Number Two he can order a thousand men a hundred miles to cut hay or leave it another day.



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(Above) The bride and groom were in one plane; the chaplain in another, and the best man in the third.

(Below) Back to earth is hardly an appropriate title, but the fact is Lieutenant Burgess and his wife have just landed.

correctly, as wireless information bureaus—for the guidance of aerial mariners. Since there is no practical way to hang a lot of sign-posts in the air for the direction of pilots, the wireless information bureaus must come. And as airplanes and dirigibles fly over villages and cities, the radio telephone will tell where they are and give such other information as they may desire.

The necessity of radio telephony in

THREE great sections of California forest, having a lumber value of \$70,000,000, are under constant aerial patrol. In one month thirty fires have been sighted and put out before they became too difficult to handle. In most cases they were reported by radio telephone and put out before the plane reporting the fire had completed its patrol.

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Back in America

AMERICA, August 15, 1919.

DEAR JOE: It got me pretty interested, getting two letters from you both at once, from thinking it might be you was coming home. They was postmarked within a few days of each other, so I opens the early one first, and not seeing anything in that worth mentioning, I says to myself this second one must say he's on the way home. Then when I see what you made take up cargo space on a mail steamer I was ashamed for you, nearly, Joe. Such small matters as that they can wait. Course I'll do what you ask, only I'm a detecative and I can tell you now May is no mut-tonhead and she's just as likely to guess what I'm driving at as not. And also me being a married man I can say when young folks is in your state anything either of you brings the other is just what you wanted or she wanted if it is from you to May. I wouldn't get her none of that old French jewelry the hockshops has over there, you can get much newer and stronger stuff down to Miller's right here in town. I know they is some folks gets the anteques and thinks they gets a bargain because they ain't charged so much, but I couldn't never see it was better than real American stuff, that being also pretty. Anyway, it's your funeral, Joe, and to give you good advice as like as not is Love's Labors Lost, as Bill Hohensollern said when he last seen the Clown Quince.

The way you ask in such a hurry makes me think maybe you are really coming home soon but just haven't got brains enough to tell it to a fellow as long as you are thinking of May. They was a guy yesterday telling me a story about how he was in a Demobilizing Office a while ago where a lot of fellows was waiting for their papers and all of a sudden a fierce wind comes in the window and all the papers which was all sorted careful gets mixed in a

Letter No. 5 from a doughboy to his buddy in France. He has discovered that "Hens is complicated things."

whirlwind round the room. One chap which was waiting lets out a groan and says, "Ta-ta, discharge. I'm in the Army till Xmas." Maybe some wind is busy with your sailing orders. Or maybe if you feel real low you will be sent to Roomania to fight the Zeches.

I'M still sticking to the shop, Joe, however it seems getting worse. I don't see how I ever stayed so long before the war working at this job. I was all set up the day they made me foreman, I remember, but now I wouldn't notice if they was to make me Pres. and chief Stockholder of the Co. Seems like the best job for me is traveling salesman or some such work where I can be up and moving and not tied to 1 place like a hen with the wings clipped. I'm keeping my eye on another job and my thinker too. Shrimp Myers came though town yesterday, he being a traveler now for a cigar Co. and bound for the coast on business. Says it's a great life and it would be for me for no man hadn't ought to play little toad in little puddle all his life the way you got to do in this burg. I can't hardly write about it without I get sore. It's funny I never seen before the war what a little place this is in the world and it's a wonder to me I staid so long so easy. Things looks so small now, even the streets, and has no point any more.

Hens is complicated things. Me saying I was like a hen with the wings clipped I guess is because of the hen raid yesterday which Jess and me attacked the hens' dug-out and shoved hair in their throats. Funny thing, too. We keeps a dozen hens in the back yard and lately some of them

been going around like sleepy folks with the hay fever, gaping and yawning and sneezing and not laying only an egg or two a week. So Jess gets out a book she has where it tells how to make \$600 a year off of 1 dozen hens and reads all the deseases hens can have, which is so many, Joe, I wonder any hen is alive. Well, Joe, Jess decides its gaps our hens has, that being a desease of the throat which makes the hens go round yawning and lazy. It's a lot of little bugs that gets in their throats and the big idea is to haul them out. It's funny how easy a thing is to read and ain't to do. I bet lots of these authors never done what they say so simple. Here is what the book says, I'm copying:

"Take 2 straight hairs from a horse's tail, laid together, tie a knot in the end of the pair and cut off the ends close to the knot. This is passed straight (*i. e.*, without twisting) down the windpipe as far as it will go without bending, then twisted between the thumb and forefinger and drawn out."

THAT ain't hard to write. First thing, we ain't got no horse friends we know well enough to borrow two straight hairs from the tail and so on the way home from the factory I see a nice white horse and buggy in the road, which I thought white hairs was purer for the throat, so I stepped over to it. They wasn't no one around and the horse was sleeping, so I grabbed a couple of hairs and yanks. I must of got more than 2, because they was strong and instead of pulling out easy they stuck and the horse squealed and I beat it. Then I borrowed a few hairs from the grocer, I mean his horse, he thinking me crazy by his looks.

Well, Joe, I got the hairs ready and Jess got the hens, the 3 that gapped which the Book said was to be kept away from the rest, and we went to

(Continued on Page 27)



A French team beat the A. E. F. at rugby

French Reject Our National Games

Baseball and Football will leave with last U. S. Soldiers, but Basketball will Stay

WILL the French take up American games? Will the thorough initiation which they received at the hands of the A. E. F. in baseball and other Western sports take effect, or will the French return to their own ways with a sigh of relief at being no longer compelled by their innate politeness to play the foreign games with their guests?

The answer to this is at once yes and no. Some American games have gone to France to stay; most of them will last only as long as there is enough of the A. E. F. to make up a team. Basketball is pre-eminent among those that will stay; baseball will doubtless be the first to go.

If 2,000,000 Frenchmen came to America and played new games daily before American crowds, Americans would not wait long before joining in. This was what happened in France after the armistice, and it was inevitable that the French should take up some of the sports so universally indulged in by the Yanks. In January, 1919, one Major-General reported that 79.5 per cent. of his army had participated in athletic pastimes, while a division for the same month showed 80 per cent. participation. So the French did not lack examples and illustrations of how our games are played, and, being naturally quick-witted, they speedily joined in on their own part.

Basketball easily won first place in the estimation of both French and British. The favorite games of the French, such as fencing, soccer and rugby, do not make for the development of the shoulder and back muscles as does basketball, and the French found keen delight in this new form of exercise. They were quick to see the strategy of the game and enjoyed its speed and openness of play. Moreover, basketball does not require elaborate apparatus nor a large field; if the worst comes to the worst, a couple of old barrel hoops nailed up on opposite barracks will do. Finally, it is an easy game to learn, without the complicated rules of baseball or football. Wherever American and French

games before British soldier audiences. Half-hour lectures on the proper form and tactics of the game preceded each game. The result was that the B. E. F. soon requested the "loan" of a basketball expert to teach their non-coms how to play, in order that the non-coms might in turn teach the men. Basketball, therefore, has apparently gone to Europe to stay.

The two other distinctly American games which were played in France, baseball and football, are not destined to last. It may wound American vanity to hear it, but our beloved national pastime did not take strongly with the French. To begin with, it is too difficult, not only in regard to rules, but especially in regard to the mechanical operations of playing. As a "Y"

sport director puts it, it would take an evolution, not an introduction, to establish baseball abroad. American boys are brought up to it, and a new generation of French children would have to be taught the game from infancy in order for it to become really popular with the people. The mere catching and pitching actions are not easily

learned. This is difficult to comprehend for us who have thrown and caught since we left swaddling clothes; but anyone who has seen a French audience absorbed in watching a couple of doughboys playing ball will understand more easily. As soon as the Yanks started to "have a catch" they



Sergeant-Pilot Andre, of France, was fast in the dashes, though he had been wounded four times

troops were quartered international basketball was played.

THE same was true of the British. Two American teams, representing the 143d Field Artillery and the Orly Aviation Field, toured the British sectors and played twenty exhibition

were surrounded by a group of wondering French, who exclaimed in frank amazement at the Americans' ability to throw such a hard ball so very swiftly and then to catch it without shattering the hands.

THE more or less elaborate outfit necessary to play baseball according to Hoyle is another drawback to its adoption over there. It will be interesting to see what will become of the diamonds that dot France. In and around Le Mans alone there were over forty of them, and whether the French will adapt them to some other use or just let them disappear is to be seen.

Much the same things are true of football, except that it came more easily to French talent. Rugby and soccer are too firmly established in the popular esteem to permit of a foreign rival. The French did not like the game, and it is quite improbable that they will play it.

The other sports of the A. E. F. were not new to the French. Boxing and wrestling, tennis and soccer were old stories to them, and their prowess in them was something of a surprise to the Americans. International boxing was the most popular sport of all in point of attendance; doughboy and poilu joined battle with a zest and enjoyment that only the best of friends could display. Truth to tell, the French won as often as we did. In the District of Paris, before the A. E. F. championships, the "Y" managed 132 matches at the Palais du Glace; of them the

French won 56, the Americans 55 and 21 were draws.

We, rather than the French, may have learned something from this sport. The Frenchman was aghast at the American's habit of rooting for his favorite. The record of clean sportsmanship made by the poilu boxers has established for them a lasting reputation in the minds of their Yankee opponents.

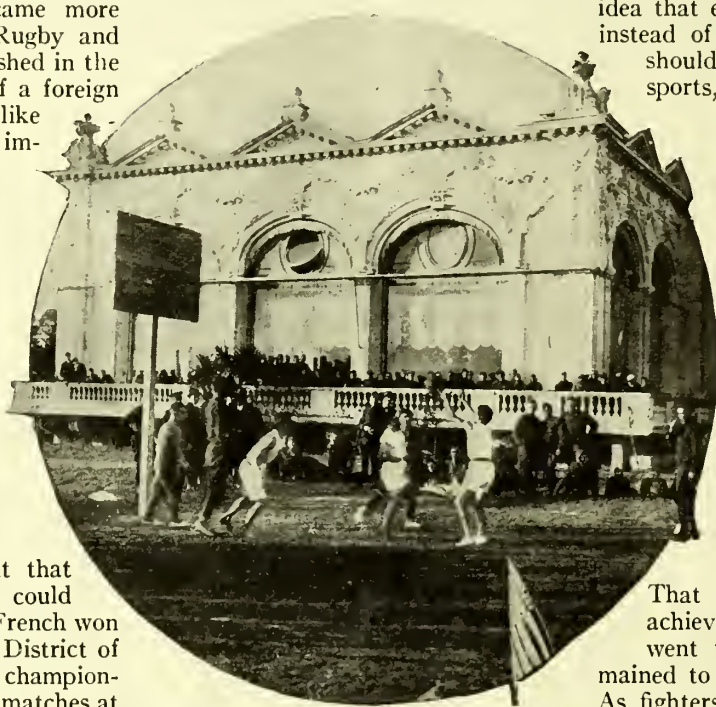
LIKEWISE in soccer the Americans found rough going, for as a rule the French won. They know soccer from start to finish, and they play it well. In tennis it was Andre Gobert, a French lieutenant, who won the singles championship at the Inter-

Allied games. And, finally, it was Arnaud Massey, with his hip smashed and his back torn by a German bullet, who captured highest honors in golf. It was not always a walkover for the Americans. When they met the French in the French games, they found worthy rivals. What the French play they play well.

One element that is likely to remain as part of the A. E. F.'s heritage to France is the mass method of play. It was a novel thing to Frenchmen to hear of whole regiments, divisions and armies engaging in organized athletics, with privates, non-coms and officers all playing. Games on the continent have always been much more individual affairs than they are with us. The idea that everyone should participate, instead of a few experts, that there should be no exclusiveness in sports, appealed to them and will probably remain with them.

Roman armies went to Gaul and left behind roads and buildings for future ages to wonder at. Spanish armies went to Mexico and left behind savage memories of ruin and rapine. American armies went to France in a new spirit, and leave behind scores of baseball diamonds, basketball courts and running tracks—and pleasant memories of clean rivalry and clean sportsmanship.

That is not the least of the achievements of the men who went to France to fight and remained to play. They did both well. As fighters they helped win the war. As sportsmen they made friends.



France will continue to play basketball

August 4, 1919
The National Executive Committee
American Legion
19 West 44th Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen: We would like information on the exact status of the bonus question.

It is our understanding that the St. Louis Caucus unanimously voted as being opposed to the bonus idea at that time.

While we find no strong sentiment here in favor of a bonus, at the same time some of our members want to know whether the American Legion has finally vetoed that idea or whether it is merely in abeyance until the November Convention.

Very truly yours,

RAY C. SAWYER,

Chairman.

J. M. LAKE, *Secretary.*

Semper Fidelis Post No. 134, N. Y.

As to Bonuses

The American Legion
National Executive Committee
Headquarters: 19 West 44th Street,
New York City.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: In reply to your letter of August 4 I wish to inform you that the St. Louis caucus of the American Legion did not pass a resolution opposing a bonus from our Federal Government to ex-service men. The fact is that a resolution was offered demanding such bonus and that a delegate to the convention moved to lay this resolution on the table. This was the unanimous action of the caucus, not a single vote being cast against laying the resolution on the table. It was certainly the prevailing idea of the St. Louis caucus that the time was not then ripe for

the American Legion to go on record as favoring any of the various bonus plans proposed and that such action as the American Legion might desire to take on this most important subject ought to be after general demobilization, so that there could be the fullest expression from practically all ex-service men. The convention in November will be representative to this extent, and at this convention the bonus question will undoubtedly be determined in so far as the American Legion is concerned in accordance with the wishes of its membership.

It should be clearly understood that the action of the St. Louis caucus is subject to such review at the Minneapolis convention as may then be determined best. Certainly it is proper that there be the fullest possible discussion of the entire bonus question among the members of the American

(Continued on Page 30)

SPORT—Edited by Walter Trumbull

THE NEXT TITLE AFFAIR

By Grantland Rice

WHILE Jack Dempsey had no time to bother with the late war, it is a curious twist that finds three of his most logical opponents all ex-army men from three different nations.

Bob Martin is the American Army candidate, victor in the big Inter-Allied competition over a classy field. Martin is a husky 200-pound lad of twenty-two with good speed and a well-tested wallop. He may not be quite ready to take on a man of Dempsey's ability but there are any number who believe that in a year or two he will be fit to go after Willard's conqueror and carry a fair show to win. If he has this prospect ahead it would be a shame to toss him in the championship ring too soon. He should be given his chance to improve, for at twenty-two it is hardly possible that he is yet near the top of his best form.

The British candidate is Beckett who now stands supreme under the Union Jack. British champions in late years have been such fizzles that no one takes them seriously any longer. But Beckett is reported to be well in advance of Bombadier Wells and others who faded out so quickly against real competition. He is a tall, raw-boned type with good speed and a wicked kick. We will know more about him when he has finished with Eddie McGoorty and Carpentier. Like Martin, Beckett is an ex-soldier.

Then there is Carpentier, the Frenchman who gave such rare promise before the war. Carpentier has never regained anything approaching his pre-war form, but he is still a young man who has a chance to work himself back into old condition. He will not meet Beckett until November and by that date he should be sufficiently conditioned to furnish a flash of his real form.

Hovering on the outskirts of this trio is Fred Fulton who is issuing chal-

lenges to all winners, in the hope that he may be given another chance to start back. But the winners will hardly waste time with Fulton when there is much bigger money in meeting Dempsey. There will be very little credit in beating a man whom Dempsey knocked out in fourteen seconds.

BASEBALL

At the time that the United States decided to take a hand in the late unpleasantness on the other side of the

certainly didn't give himself any the best of it.

It is only a little over a month to the finish of the races in the two major leagues, but the struggle still is proceeding briskly. It may be that the championships will not be decided until the very last days of the season. Baseball, this year, has contained that element of suspense which keeps the interest of the fans at fever heat. Never has the game drawn larger crowds and never has the rabid rooter been more rabid. In its day of unexampled prosperity it seems a pity that the game could not be kept free of internal dissension.

Connie Mack is said to have uttered loud cries over the transfer of Mays to New York. Connie has to utter loud cries once in a while so that people will remember that his team is still in the league. Very still in the league.

GOLF

The National Amateur Golf Championship is upon us. The big drive is scheduled to start at the Oakmont Country Club of Pittsburgh next Monday and some of the noblest drivers in the country will be among the contestants. If

Battle Sight

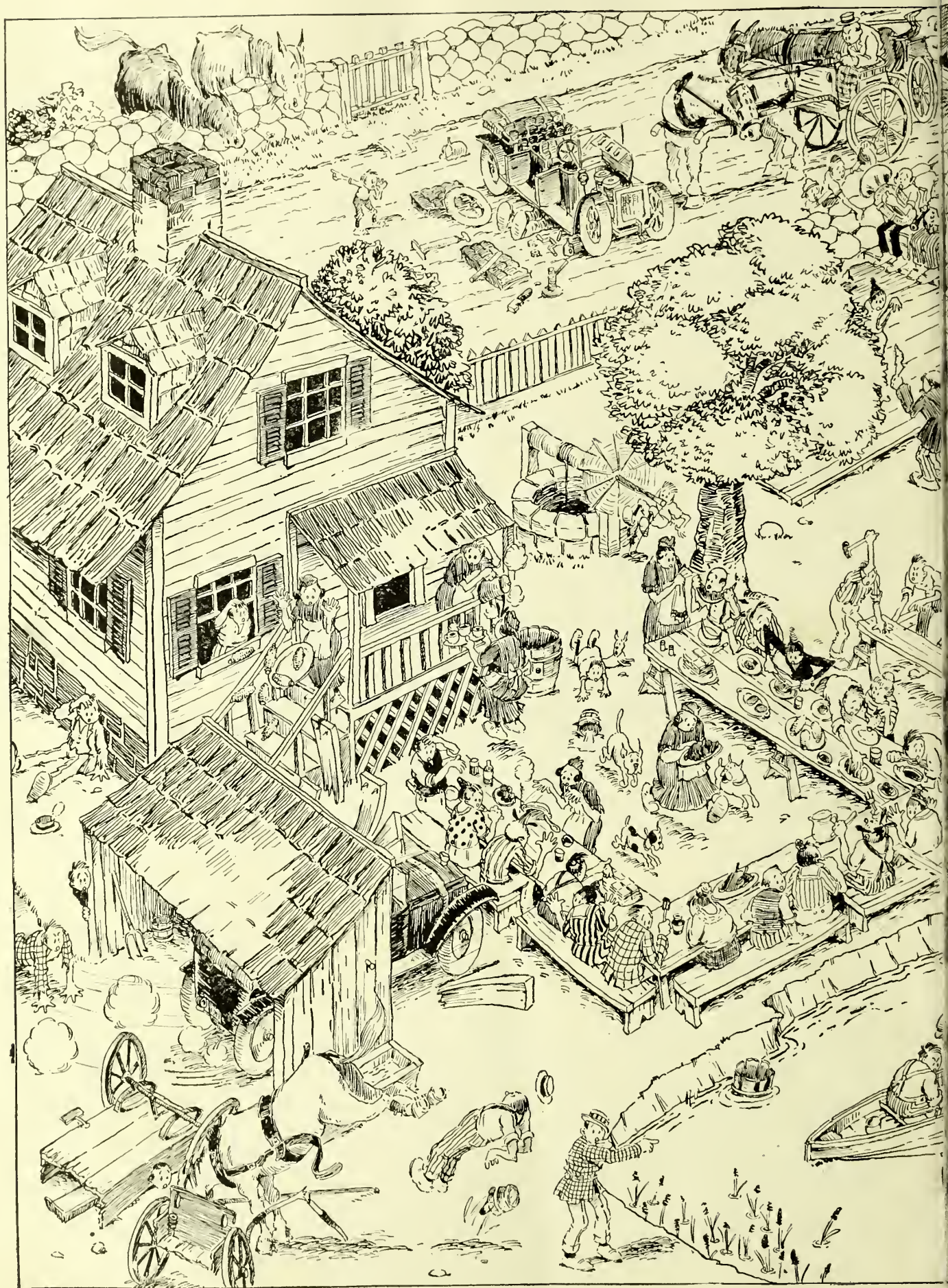
*You may be losers, crimson stained and gory,
When the red sun is sinking to its rest;
But still your shattered ranks will share the glory
If you have fought your hardest, done your best.*

*Wounded and trampled, in the dust defeated
There is no shame if but your powerless hand
Still strives to strike the stroke yet uncompleted,
Still tries to lift the shattered, broken brand.*

*Fight the good fight and never mind the winning,
Hang to your nerve in spite of wounds or pain,
And somewhere, sometime, as in the beginning,
The Fates will give you back your chance again.*

water, a stout gentleman well past middle age closed his desk in New York, shed his coat and proceeded to get into fighting trim. There was no reason for him to go, outside of his own fighting spirit. He had a family, money, comfort and a handicap of weight and years. If he wanted to make a showing he had influence enough to get himself a soft job, trimmed with gold braid. Yet T. L. Huston was among the first to volunteer for active service and going over as a Captain came back as a Lieutenant-Colonel. He is a fighting man. If the Colonel believes that he is right he will go ahead as far as the next man and a little bit further. When B. B. Johnson, president of the American League, picked out an opponent he

there is anything in environment a tournament in Pittsburgh should be a great thing for those golfers who favor the iron. Over 400 players are eligible for competition but, like the well-known Six Hundred who charged at Balaclava, the casualties will be large after the first onset. Among those who are going to be hard to put out of action are such skillful warriors as Chick Evans, Francis Ouimet, Robert Gardner, Oswald Kirkby, Max Marston, Jerry Travers, Ned Sawyer and Bobby Jones. Much of the interest in these tournaments lies in the fact that some golfer unheralded and unsung is apt to choose such an occasion to make a reputation for himself and defeat a lot of men by whom he is outclassed in the dope book.



The Veterans of Old Hickory Post Hold



Their First Outing at Cooley's Picnic Grove



BURSTS AND DUDS



A reporter, in a camp where a number of negro troops were being discharged, asked one of them what he was planning to do when he got his release.

"Boys," said the negro, "the fust thing after Ah gets mah discharge, Ah goes and busts mah second lieutenant on the nose."

"Oh, no you ain't, nigger," spoke up another, "you is gwine to git in line and take yo' turn."

"And shall I be able to play the piano when my hands heal?" asked the wounded soldier.

"Certainly you will," replied the doctor.

"Gee, that's great! I never could before.—*Boston Transcript*.

Executive Officer (as ship is coming to anchor): "Leggo that starboard anchor."

Recruit (just aboard recently): "I ain't got ahold of it, sir."—*Sol*.

No one can say that salaries are not rising with prices when a New York firm advertise this way:

"Large corporation requires refined, accurate, ambitious young lady with some experience; salary \$15,000; chance for advancement."

His Better-Half (regarding him from the bedroom window): "Where you bin this hour of the night?"

"I've bin at me union, considerin' this 'ere strike."

"Well, you can stay down there an' consider this 'ere lock-out."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Two non-coms of the guard, both inexperienced, were making their hourly count of the prisoners one night. Their record showed twenty-two prisoners, but they counted twenty-three. They were perplexed, and tried again,



with the same result.

"Well," suggested the corporal finally, "we'll have to free one. This record has got to be kept straight."

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation.

"Marriage," was the prompt response.

"No, baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected.

"Not in our family," said the pupil haughtily; "we are respectable."

Poor, modest little crawling cootie, I dinna have the heart to shoot ye; Ye'd been a close and lastin' friend, I couldna bear to see your end; I showed ye I'm a kindly laddie, I gave ye place beneath my pladdie, An' when I thicht I had to dee, Ye kept me up by bittin' me.

—*Oteen*.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best printed each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned.

The prizes for the jokes which were published August 8 are awarded as follows: Jesse G. Hamilton, Braddock, Penna. H. E. Tear, Jr., New York City. George J. Gillies, Flushing, Long Island.

"What are you burying in that hole?" asked Grey of his neighbor.

"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all."

"Seeds!" exclaimed Grey angrily.

"It looks more like one of my hens!"

"It is one of your hens," replied the digger. "The seeds are inside."—*Merritt Dispatch*.

The Soldier: "I am positive it was only thinking of your love for me that pulled me through after that last wound."

The Lady: "Yes, it is such a comfort to know I saved three poor fellows in that way."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladoffovitch-skioffsky, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle. You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier—"part of it."—*Passing Show*.

Rookie (on night guard duty): "Halt! Who is it?"

Soldier: "Soldier of the post."

Rookie: "Advance to be recognized. Halt, one, two!"



In a French seaport a negro stevedore from Georgia espied a French Colonial colored trooper wearing a red turban, blue bloomers and a red tunic. Amazed at the display, the American asked:

"Niggah, whar yuh git all dem glad rags?"

"C'est que vous dites?" answered the trooper.

"Hush yo' mouf, niggah, I know yuh ain't been ovuh heah dat long."

Minister: "Do you believe in a here-after?"

Youth: "It will be an injustice if there isn't one; I haven't been able to find the top sergeant of my company since the regiment was demobilized."—*Judge*.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on washday, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.

A detail of colored engineers who were working on the roads in the vicinity of Boucq were growling at the long hours, the scarce mails and the back pay. The sergeant, to comfort them, said:

"But think of all the credit you get."

"Ye-ar," came the answer. "Dat's all we do get—credit. Nevah see no cash around hear."

Two buddies ran across each other while on duty. The night was very dark.

"What's that you have?" inquired Sam.

"A searchlight," replied Pete.

"What are you looking for?"

"Morning," he said.

"Stick around a while and it'll dawn upon you," suggested Sam, and they parted.



Among the Legion's Local Posts

Women who were in the Navy and who were rated as yeoman (F) have formed a post at Washington, D. C., composed of all feminine naval reservists of the District of Columbia. The post has been granted its charter under the name of Betsy Ross Post No. 1.

The Legion Post at Seattle, Wash., in conducting an energetic campaign to secure jobs for former service men and are meeting with considerable success. The lists are prepared, not only of service men requiring employment, but of employers who have positions. At Tacoma an investigation by the Legion Post is under way on charges that discharged soldiers have been discriminated against both by unions and employers.

California has a number of local organizers at work and plans to have a legion in practically every city, town and burg of the state at the time of the state convention early this fall.

Members of the Leo Leyden Post of Denver, Colo., have announced that they do not intend to be annoyed by Bolsheviks and I. W. W. organizers and agitators who solicit them on the street. The post unanimously decided that each one will reply with his fists to any malcontent who approaches him on the street to talk revolution and anarchy.

A big moonlight excursion over Chautauqua Lake was recently held by Ira Lou Spring Post of Jamestown, N. Y., which has brought its membership past the 500 point and is still growing. The post is named after the first Jamestown soldier who died in France.

New Hampshire is developing plans for its first official State convention and general state-wide welcome home demonstration which will take place the end of this month at The Weirs. The state headquarters is sending out posters throughout the state giving an interesting program of the four days' events which begin August 26. There will be a program of addresses, the parade of Legion members, memorial services and the big camp fire. In the meantime, the number of posts are multiplying rapidly throughout New Hampshire; the total number in that state at the present time being twenty-eight.

The Legion Post at Bridgeport, Conn., is receiving a fund of \$5,600—\$2,100 of it voted by the city—to be used in obtaining suitable quarters.

There was a get-together day on the beach of Staten Island. Tiger Post No. 23, New York City, invited as guests the Barbara Frietchie Post, composed of service women, who have full membership rights in the Legion.

"We will have nothing to do with you," was the message delivered by the Idaho Legion at its recent convention, addressing itself to local politicians who had been trying to interest the returned service men. The same spirit is manifest everywhere and the practical politicians are growing more and more disappointed at finding that the Legion is very much in earnest on this subject.

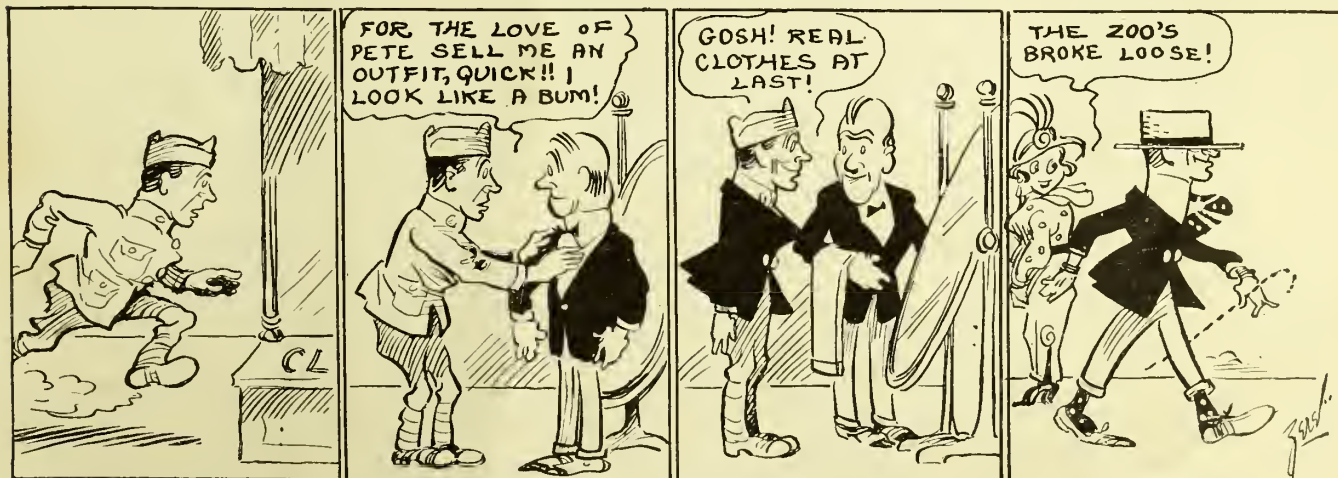
Mothers, sisters and women, who formed auxiliaries to units in service, have completed permanent organizations as auxiliaries to the American Legion at Portland, Ore. Officers have been elected, regular meetings are held

and the women are actively supporting and helping the Legion and proving of value in its developments.

Roanoke, Va., members of the Legion have lost a vigorous fight on disfranchisement of Virginia service men who find themselves unable to vote at the coming election because of a state law which requires payment of a poll tax six months prior to the date of election. The veterans contend that absence in the service made it impractical for them to pay the tax at that time and that under the circumstances they do not intend to be deprived of their rights to the ballot.

A soldier's dream was realized in the formal opening, July 12, of the splendidly equipped new clubrooms of Broome County Post No. 80, at Binghamton, N. Y., when men who, not so long ago, had slept on the muddy fields of France, found themselves sitting in great tapestried divans, whose yielding cushions almost engulfed them, or lounging in roomy, upholstered chairs, gathered about card, pool or billiard tables, or listening to the strains of music coming from an adjoining room. These clubrooms, equipped at a cost of \$6,000, together with a lease extending over a period of five years, were the gift of the Broome County Red Cross canteen.

The mother of Joseph Simmons Wilkes has been invited to accept membership in Wilkes Post No. 1, at Salt Lake City. The post is named after the son who was killed in action a year ago. Mrs. Wilkes has accepted the invitation. Other Utah posts are planning similarly to honor the mothers of fallen soldiers.



THE END OF THE BONUS

BULLETIN



BOARD

The Secretary of War has directed that all inquiries regarding medals, badges and the awarding of decorations to the nearest of kin of deceased soldiers be answered as follows:

Under present law the War Department has no authority to issue badges or medals to civilians unless the civilians are discharged soldiers, except that medals of honor, distinguished service crosses and distinguished service medals may be awarded posthumously. The War Department intends to ask authority of Congress to award the Victory Medal to the nearest of kin of soldiers who gave their lives in the war.

All British troops are now to be withdrawn from the Archangel and Murmansk front in Russia. American troops have all been withdrawn except a detachment arranging for transfer of the bodies of the American dead.

Shortage of German artillery is worrying the Senate Military Affairs Committee. So many requests have come in from towns and cities throughout the country that the supply of captured German cannon is running short.

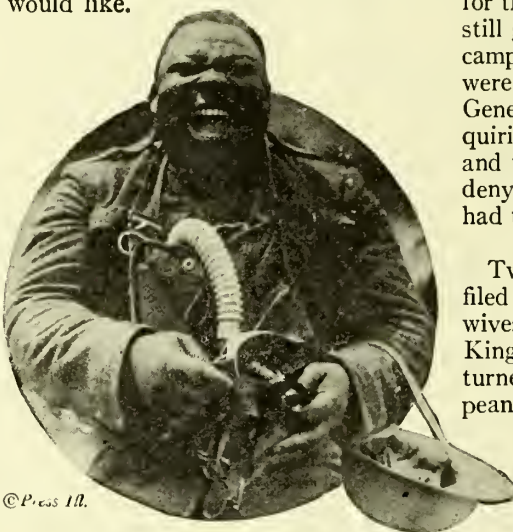
Tourists who flock to Europe in the future to see the devastated areas may be charged \$50 each for the privilege. The suggestion has been made that this would furnish a large fund that could be used for reconstruction purposes.

Those who crossed the Atlantic Ocean on board the *Vaterland*, now the U. S. S. *Leviathan*, recall the newspaper which was printed on that ship every day. The printing shop on board has been in constant use since the United States took this monster over for use as a transport. The printing office has a linotype machine, a Gordon press and two old German presses.

That schoolmasters and taxicab drivers may make excellent officers is shown in a report of Field Marshal Haig, in which he commends a number of officers for distinguished service. Among them were some brigadier generals who had included a schoolmaster, a taxicab driver, a lawyer and an ex-sergeant major; while a Cambridge College cook, a police inspector and an insurance clerk had served efficiently on the General Staff.

Six army general hospitals located at Ontario, N. Y.; Biltmore, N. C.; New Haven, Conn.; Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.; Fort Douglas, Utah, and Fort Snelling, Minn., will be closed September 30th, the War Department has announced.

Movies are being used now to give discharged veterans an idea of what is required of men in various industries. The men watch the films and get new conceptions of the sort of work they would like.



© Press Ill.

His troubles were always packed in the old kit bag

The first soldier brides from Russia have arrived, three of them, who married men of the 339th Infantry. The transport *Mobile* brought in 138 foreign wives of American soldiers.

An educational plan to "fit the soldier for the job" has been organized by the Knights of Columbus with the consent and co-operation of the government. Schools have been established in Camp Dix, Camp Mills, Camp Upton, the base hospitals, at Gun Hill Road and Fox Hills and Fort Totten. All supplies, including text-books and tools for the mechanical courses, are given free.

The A. E. F. rifle team, composed of world war veterans, has returned from France and is now at the United States Navy rifle range for participation in the national rifle matches. The American team scored an overwhelming victory in the inter-allied rifle tournament, held on the Davours range, Le Mans, France.

Evidence to the effect that 100 serviceable airplanes had been wantonly destroyed by order of U. S. Army officers was given before a Congressional sub-committee in New York; the same committee which heard stories of alleged cruelties of American Army officers at prison camps. Alfred T. Rorer, who was a first sergeant in the First Pursuit group, told the committee that while he was at Colombes-les-Belles in May he received orders to detail from fifty to seventy-five men for this work of destruction, which was still going on, he said, when he left the camp to return home. Two telegrams were read into the evidence, one from General March to General Pershing inquiring about reports of the destruction and the other General Pershing's reply denying that the reported destruction had taken place.

Two hundred American soldiers have filed requests to bring home German wives, according to Representative King, Illinois, who has recently returned from a six weeks' tour of European countries and the war zone.

American doughboys sailing from Brest are not leaving all their money in France. In three days the camp finance office at Brest exchanged 8,233,401 francs into American dollars for homeward bound men. Thirty thousand returning soldiers and officers carried \$1,372,233 on board the transports in the three days.

Warren Bigelow, director of the Re-employment Bureau, New York City, has announced a new record in the placing of 1,200 ex-service men in employment in one week.

One army officer, Edward B. Stone, formerly a major, of Burlington, N. J., has declined to make political capital out of his war experience by proclaiming his inability to see any relation between the hard fighting he did in the Argonne and the office of sheriff, a nomination for which has been offered to him by both the Democrats and the Republicans.

The Canadian Pacific has waiting lists of 12,000 names for cabin accommodation and applications for berths are still coming in at the rate of 1,500 a day.

LETTERS FROM READERS

AMERICANS IN THE C. E. F.

To the Editor: If there should develop any opposition to the proposed plan to admit into the American Legion American citizens who served during the war with the Canadian forces and who have since returned to this country and been restored to their citizenship, I sincerely hope the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will use all its influence in their favor.

Many of your readers may not realize how many good Americans will be affected by this decision. There were in the Canadian forces over 80,000 men from this country, most of them American citizens. Many had enlisted before the United States entered the war, while a large number, like myself, tried to enlist in the A. E. F., were rejected on physical grounds and crossed the border or signed up at a British recruiting mission, where the physical requirements were less strict than the standards first set by the American Army.

Most of the men of the last class are American born, of American ancestors, who had no reason for entering the Canadian service beyond the fact that they wanted to do their bit and were denied the opportunity by their own country. While entertaining the highest regard for the C. E. F., these men undoubtedly would have preferred to fight under their own flag; now to bar them from the American Legion would amount to nothing less than punishing them for those physical imperfections which kept them out of the American Army, to their own great disappointment.

A FORMER CANADIAN SOLDIER.
New York City.

A CAUSE FOR GROUSING

To the Editor: I was a first lieutenant in the United States Army. Entered the service as a drafted man in September, 1917; served thirteen months overseas with a combat division, and was in the army of occupation.

I have in my possession a pay check for the month of February, 1919, calling for \$227.99. The check also calls for the equivalent in francs, 1,242.55, and on the check is stamped the rate of exchange for that month, 5.45. In June I presented this check for payment at the post of finance offices, 104 Broad Street, New York, and was offered \$190 for it, due to the fluctuation in the value of the franc. I then took the matter up with Wash-

ington. Here is the answer I received: "The Secretary of the Treasury, to whom the question of payment of these checks was referred, decided there was no authority under existing law authorizing disbursing officers to cash these checks at a rate of exchange different from that authorized by the Treasury Department for the month in which such checks are presented for redemption." In other words the Government gives me a check for \$227.99, charges this amount as paid out on its records, and when I present the check four months after for payment, decides to give me an amount equivalent to \$37.99 less than its face value. Can you beat it?

AN EX-LOOT.

This is a department to which readers are invited to offer opinions, suggestions and information on topics of public interest. They are also invited to express their opinion of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY itself. If it isn't satisfactory say so—and offer some constructive criticism. Only by knowing the desires of its readers can the weekly fulfill its mission of representing them. Only signed communications will be considered, but the name will be omitted on request. Brevity is essential.

PRAISE FOR NO. 2, VOL 1

To the Editor: Right away, permit the observation that No. 2, Vol. 1, of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, is at hand and a smart little guy he is, indeed. (Will you please send me No. 1, Vol. 1, for files?) It was a positive delight to receive a copy of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Anyone can see it is destined to become one of the country's most influential and popular weeklies. That fact is apparent with the "peep sight." Its whole appearance is in keeping with the magnitude of the American Legion, that grand organization which will eventually mean so much to this wonderful country and the world. With over 4,000,000 men to draw from, within a year we ought to have a membership of at least 3,999,000 in the American Legion. And that is not asking too much. We've simply got to have 'em. The writer is assuming that you will continue to publish all sorts and manner

of interesting things from situations which grow out of the world war and he will be pleased to contribute articles occasionally.

Here's hoping for the American Legion and the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY all the success in the world.

Huron, S. D. MILES E. WALTON.

CHARTING AIR COURSES

To the Editor: The loss of life, not only among the balloon crew, but also among the bank employes, caused when a dirigible fell upon a bank building and exploded here recently, points to the necessity for charting the air for future expansive air services. The imperative need for the present, at least, is enforced city ordinances that will steer the amateur airman away from congested districts. Unless for some special reason, I would not think of flying an airplane over tall city buildings.

A SHAVE TAIL.
Chicago, Ill.

SOLDIERS' GRATUITIES

To the Editor: I would like to see the WEEKLY conduct a campaign for additional gratuities for the men who have seen active service at the front, the amount to vary in proportion to the soldier's length of service in France. Such a graduated scale of gratuities has been adopted by England, Canada and Australia and surely it is fairer than to give equal amounts to the man who spent three weeks in an officers' training camp and to the man who went through the mill in France for eighteen months. Men who have been through a long period of fighting and every kind of hardships are naturally going to find it more difficult to readjust themselves to civilian life than those who have only known army life on this side, and should receive a larger sum of money to tide them over until such time as they can thoroughly re-establish themselves.

A VET.
Boston, Mass.

DIVISIONAL INSIGNIA

To the Editor: Your magazine must be able to publish something that I have long been looking for. That is, a correct and complete list of the divisional insignia worn by the A. E. F. I see continually on the soldiers' shoulders marks that mean nothing to me, although I have managed to learn most of them.

HAROLD ANDERSON.
Atlanta, Ga.

Sweet Land of Beefsteak

(Continued from Page 9)

love in his heart for Bartholdi's daughter, the young lady who lives on an island just outside New York.

THE Republique Française is distilleries long and breweries wide, but what country can make pretense to genuine greatness without a decent, God-fearing pie? The Bois du Bologne is all right. Sure it is. But think of Coney Island! The snow-covered Pyrenees are worth a glimpse—but there's Mt. Rainier! The rues and the boulevards of Paris are fine, indeed, but for the love of Allah, whoinell can pronounce 'em? I'll never forgive the Y. M. C. A. for having placed the enlisted man's hotel in Paree on the jaw-breaking rue de Echiquier.

I met a doughboy in Paris once who was vainly trying to make a Frenchman understand that he was seeking the "Y" hotel. The soldier pointed to a group of children playing on the walk and said:

"Ain't it disgusting? Kids three or four years old compree the whole business and I can't get by at all."

Yes, Private Whoosis did a tremendous amount of plain and fancy rubber-necking and he's stronger than ever for the eight-and-forty commonwealths. Whoosis wants to be in a place where he can understand and be understood.

There's the theater, for instance. Somehow or other, Whoosis favors the ridiculous method in vogue in the land of the free and the home of the brave, whereby he used to lay down his dollar, pick up his ticket and seat himself in the playhouse. In France, Whoosis found that there was a ceremony attached to the purchase of the pasteboards for the show.

What? Hand your money over the counter and get your tickets? Not much. Whoosis learned that before he could corral a reservation for the Folies it was necessary for him to furnish the box office man with almost as

detailed information as he put on his qualification card. While he talked, the man wrote. Then he tore out a slip like a check and when Whoosis said he wanted two, the ticket merchant politely told him that it was absolutely imperative that the questions be gone over anew for each additional pasteboard. That's why Susette didn't see the Folies that night.

AT the end of the first act, Whoosis started to applaud uproariously. The performance was fine—and the girl on the end was certainly a peach. But—heavens on earth—half the audience was hissing! Whoosis was indignant. He was for making it a personal matter with his French neighbor in the seat next him. He probably would have done so, too, if a kindly-inclined American lady hadn't explained to him that the gentleman wasn't hissing at all. Why, no, he was showing his deep appreciation by yelling: "Bis, Bis," meaning encore.

Whoosis left the theatre with a sigh for his "ain countree." That "bis" business; the buying of a program; the tipping of the usher for escorting him to a balcony seat; the very idea of a seat without a place beneath for his hat; and the infernal three knocks on the stage before each act—well, Whoosis was willing to give three cheers for the heralded European theatre, and six more for the Nixon in Pittsburgh or the Chestnut Street Opera House.

Then take the simple matter of beefsteak. Why wasn't it possible for Whoosis to get a steak well-done in France? The League of Nations should investigate that matter. The restaurants just wouldn't pay any attention to the neatest-phrased instructions. The cook knew that a rare steak tasted better than a browned one, and if Whoosis was foolish enough to think he didn't like rare meat, the chef in-

tended to teach Whoosis differently (at Whoosis's expense).

There was that furlough at Biarritz—the occasion when the waitress put a bit of red, very red, filet of beef in front of Private Whoosis, who looked at it an instant, then turned it over and gazed at the other side. It was also somewhat raw.

"Good Lord," he said, "this cow ain't dead yet."

Then the affair at Biarritz that was dubbed "The Grand and Gala Bull Fight." The signs, translated, read that way. The signs were bull themselves. There were a couple of ragtime cows and three or four agile acrobats who vaulted over their backs and grabbed their horns. The scene provided amusement, but it wasn't a bullfight. Bull-fights had been legislated out of France just as cocktail glasses had been banished from the U. S. A. Oh, how Whoosis wished that those wildly enthusiastic Frenchmen could watch a half-way decent round-up during the busy season in Texas!

WHOOSIS laughed at the bullfighting exhibition and he continued to chuckle when the French guide told him of the "good-old-days" in which the arena held real contests—when the frenzied spectators would jump to their feet in their excitement and reward the toreador for his noble efforts by throwing their hats, shoes or jewelry into the ring. Afterward, they realized what they had done under stress of excitement and regretted parting with their valuables. So the toreadors lined up at the exit and there the crowd could buy back whatever they had hurled into the ring.

"That must have been great," Whoosis admitted, "but, gosh, you ought to see what happens at the Polo Grounds when the 'ump' calls one the wrong way!"

A broad smile of reminiscence lit up
(Continued on Page 29)

WANTED: Information regarding the present location of the former "bunkie" of Corporal Charles A. Ross, Company E, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Fourth Division.

Any news of this man's "bunkie" should be sent at once to Miss Annie A. Ross, 4833 Rosewood Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Corporal Ross was killed in action near Chevillon, France, on July 18, 1918. Recently his bunkie called at the Ross's former home in Denver,

Attention! 89th and 4th Division Men

presumably to deliver the corporal's last message to his mother. But the Rosses have moved to Los Angeles, and the message is undelivered.

According to information in possession of Miss Ross, her brother's bunkie was formerly with the Eighty-ninth Division and had been a replace-

ment in the Fifty-eighth Infantry. His former lieutenant says that some of the Fourth Division came from the Eighty-ninth at Camp Greene, so it is believed that he is either a Colorado or a Wyoming man.

"Please do what you can for us," writes Miss Ross, "for my poor mother is broken-hearted about it. She has said over and over again: 'Oh! If I could only have his last message.'" Members of Local Posts are requested to make inquiries for this soldier.

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RETURNING SOLDIERS

Get in touch with your local post. If there is no local post, write to your state chairman. Join The American Legion.

You helped give the Hun all that was coming to him. Have you got everything that is coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your *War Risk Allotment or Allowance, Quartermaster or Navy Allotment, Compensation, Insurance, Liberty Bonds, Bonus, Travel Pay, Back Pay?*

The American Legion is ready to help straighten out your accounts. Write or tell your troubles to your State War Risk Officer of The American Legion. Write in care of your State Secretary.

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Pay Arrears of Deceased Soldiers

Government's Method of Settling Accounts

"I REGRET to inform you that John Jones, private, Company B, 115th Infantry, is officially reported as killed in action," reads the telegram sent by the Adjutant-General of the Army to thousands of homes announcing to the inmates that a beloved husband, father, son or brother has made the supreme sacrifice for home and country while serving with the expeditionary forces.

Within a few days an official letter arrives at that home from the War Department in Washington, confirming the sad news and giving whatever meager details possible. The kindred are instructed that they should communicate with the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, concerning the deceased one's insurance; with the Effects Quartermaster, Hoboken, N. J., concerning his personal effects; and with the Auditor for the War Department, Washington, concerning his arrears of pay. This article is confined to the work of the latter official.

In the office of the Auditor for the War Department there is a card index of the claims that have been presented to the Government by the heirs of deceased soldiers since and including the Civil War. The record of the claims of the heirs of deceased soldiers of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War and other wars, except in rare instances are not kept by a card index system, as that system was unknown at that time, but in huge volumes arranged by company and regiment.

If a soldier in the service thinks that he is not being paid correctly or was away from his organization on pay-day and the records of his company fail to disclose that fact, he writes the Auditor and states his case. This letter is placed in a thick, heavy, manilla envelope with the soldier's name, company and regiment across the top. It receives a serial number under which his papers are filed in the permanent archives after his claim has received the necessary attention. The soldier's name, company, regiment and serial number of his jacket are placed on a small index card and it is from this card that his claim is located in the future. If this soldier ever writes the Auditor, his jacket is secured and his papers are filed in it after his letters are answered or his claim settled.

By O. R. McGUIRE

small, and the number of National Army men still smaller. There were a few, however, of the latter caused by the filing of claims to secure reimbursement of transportation expenses in reporting to the training camps when the local draft boards failed to furnish transportation or rations, which they sometimes did, in the rush of recruiting the greatest army that the Government has ever had under arms.

All papers concerning deceased soldiers or soldiers in the service, sent to the Auditor by the War Department, are likewise so filed. The papers of a deceased soldier necessary in the settlement of his arrears of pay consist of his final statement and inventory of effects. The former gives the soldier's name, his rank, company, regiment, the date he enlisted, the date and place of death, the date he was last paid, the date of promotion or demotion, when either of these take place in the interval since he was last paid, and the date of his death, the status of his clothing account, and whether or not he carried either a Liberty Loan allotment or War Risk Allotment or both. The inventory of effects gives a list of the effects in the possession of the soldier at his death and their disposition. The money in the possession of a soldier is not delivered to the emergency addresses, but is deposited with the Quartermaster to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States and is credited to the heirs when a settlement of the account is made.

The final statement and inventory of effects of deceased soldiers of the expeditionary force are prepared by the quartermaster at Base Section Number One, France, from the service record of the soldier which is forwarded to him by the commanding officers. They are then sent to the Adjutant-General of the Army, Washington, where the date of enlistment, date of death and grade, are compared with the records on file in the War Department. If there exists a discrepancy, they must be reconciled and sometimes there is a considerable period of time consumed in doing so. The name and address of the person the soldier wished notified in case of emergency is then noted on the final statement and the papers are forwarded to the Auditor.

THE final statements of soldiers dying in America are prepared by the Company commander and for-

warded to the Adjutant-General, where the same procedure is followed as in the case of soldiers dying overseas.

The status of an officer's account is a different matter, since he is in most instances accountable and responsible for government property which must be accounted for at his death. The same procedure is followed by the War Department in preparing an inventory of the effects of the officer as in the case of an enlisted man. The Auditor, when he receives the inventory of effects, must secure certificates of non-indebtedness from the seven various bureaus and arms of the service from which the officer may have secured funds or supplies, and when an officer dies overseas the matter becomes more difficult.

If the kindred have not already written concerning the arrears of pay, the emergency addressee is asked for information concerning the next of kin. When the nearest heir is located, the proper blank is sent for that heir to make claim for the arrears of pay due.

When the kindred, in any communication, fail to give the soldier's name, company and regiment, the letter must be returned to them for the missing information, as it is next to impossible to locate a soldier's paper by his name only, since there are many soldiers by the same name. Upon receipt of a letter from the kindred, the jacket is secured from the files and the letter and jacket are sent to the correspondence clerks for reply. In the case of a deceased soldier, whether his papers have been received and jacketed or not, when the kindred state whether or not the soldier left a widow, child or children, father or mother, brothers or sisters, in the order named, the proper blank is sent the nearest of kin on which to make application for the arrears of pay. The nearest of kin must prove his relationship to the soldier and his identity to the office before a settlement is made in his favor.

THE Act of June 30, 1906, gives the order of heirship as named above. This act is mandatory on the Auditor and admits of no discretion, for Congress did not intend that any allegations against the nearest heir should cause that heir's rights to be set aside in favor of the next in the order of heirship. If the father fails to provide for his family, and this failure is not caused by mental or physical incapacity, he has no rights to the arrears of pay so long as the mother is living. (Continued on Page 28)

MANY of the regular army men, both enlisted and commissioned, had such jackets. The number of National Guardsmen who had them was

The Challenge of The Vesle

(Continued from Page 7)

isting orders were for them to hold their ground at all costs.

This incident is mentioned merely in an effort to throw more light on the ordeal through which a regiment was passing. At a time when circumstances were most trying and when there was a great need for sympathetic co-operation between all intermediate commanders, the regiment found a new leader in the place of the officer who had supervised its preliminary training and brought it overseas. This unexpected development was to come to more than a few regiments during the remaining weeks of the war. Nor were the larger units, brigades and divisions exempt from those unexpected orders from "higher up" which switched general officers from one command to another without notice.

ON the Vesle, then, under intense bombardment and while suffering heavy losses, unseasoned troops learned the fundamental precept which Tennyson expresses in five words, "Theirs not to reason why." The war was bigger than personalities. Orders were orders and outpost commanders were not supposed to be informed of the plans of the Allied general staff. If the colonel was sent away, there was only one thing to do, keep on plugging under the lieutenant-colonel until the new regimental commander reported for duty. If the lieutenant were evacuated, it was the duty of his platoon to forget him in their loyalty to the sergeant who assumed command. Now it was clear why the brigadier-general, in his conference at Fere-en-Tardenois, had insisted upon the appointment of seconds-in-command right through his organization.

Meanwhile, under a new commanding officer, the regiment we have been following was sticking to its job in spite of severe losses. Three miles south of the river, in a support position, one company had forty-eight men and one officer evacuated in one night from mustard gas. On the night of August 21 the captain commanding this support battalion took his adjutant and company commanders on a reconnaissance of the outpost zone, preparatory to making a relief. They stopped in front of the forward battalion P. C., which had been moved to a large natural cave tucked away in the side of the hill overlooking Ville Savoye. While chatting during a wait of a few minutes for guides, the group at the entrance to the cave came under direct artillery fire from German whizz-bang batteries across the valley. Of the thirteen in the group, four officers, a

captain and three lieutenants and one enlisted man were killed instantly and five others were wounded. Only three escaped uninjured from almost flat trajectory and high velocity fire, which was directed at the mouth of the cave at twenty-minute intervals regularly for the next few nights.

It was three days before the chaplain and a burying detail were able to retrieve the bodies from the cave for interment, under shell fire, in the adjoining hillside.

As sleepless days and nights went by, the German artillery activity became more intense. It seemed to wither all vestiges of cover from the slopes where the infantry tunneled ever more deeply, living the life of moles, and waiting for the order that would put them into action. A German battalion sallied forth from Chateau du Diable one night and, in a final effort to get a firm foothold on the Vesle, drove several of the American outposts back across the river. One of our battalions, which had been wracked by constant exposure to shell fire for ten days, was selected to make the counter-attack to restore the outpost line to its original front. There was a delay in getting the attack order down to the battalion, which, after a forced march, arrived in position two hours after the rolling barrage had started to cross the river. They proceeded, however, to carry out their orders. Attacking at 6 o'clock in the morning without artillery assistance and in the face of heavy machine gun opposition, they succeeded in winning back the ground which the Germans had taken two days before. This engagement was accompanied by heavy casualties in the two companies which had the difficult task of wresting the railroad cut from the Boche.

IN this and all other operations along the Vesle the Americans fought and dug in always in the shadow of the ominous black cross which decorated the panels of the German areoplane. The Hun artillery was directed by an eye which seemed uncannily omnipresent when it gazed down on the dauntless funk-hole communities, searching carefully for any movement which might be communicated back to the guns with a target reference. Nothing was more discouraging to the infantry after an exhausting night of well-nigh smothering in gas masks to witness with the first light of dawn, a Hun 'plane with its black crosses, symbolical of the death that had been dealt in the darkness, flying over to survey the evidences of destruction which it had ordained. This very thing was not an

unusual morning observation a year ago on the Vesle. We know now, of course, from the official records of the air service, that the Allies in the offensive which began at Chateau-Thierry were greatly outnumbered in the air by the Germans and that after smashing the aviation of the French Sixth Army, the Huns had concentrated their aerial forces in an effort to defeat Marshal Foch's counter offensive.

The weary infantry soldier who daily wished that he could combine some of the submerging facilities of the muskrat with the burrowing capacities of that other rodent, the prairie dog, did not have this information. Whenever he saw a black cross soaring over his helmet, he inquired, with great profanity, where the American or French 'planes with their patriotic panels of red and blue and white were hiding.

Finally, in early September, soon after the Americans had remarked, jokingly, that every day was Labor Day in France, a great silence fell over the valley of the Vesle. Olive drab helmets stuck up like mushrooms from the underground bunks of the dough-boys and no whizz-bangs came shrieking across to knock them down. By night no brilliant orange flares went up from the German outposts to float in brief rivalry with the moon. The dawn brought no black crosses overhead in the air.

The Germans had pulled out. They were retreating to the Aisne Canal, behind which they were strengthening their defenses on the Chemin des Dames. The Fates who spin the threads of war operations being kind, it fell to some of those same battalions which had writhed in the test tube to take up the chase, to cross the hated Vesle in broad daylight with the rolling kitchens rumbling along behind them, and to hasten, without opposition, right up the side of the hills from which the Hun batteries had lately belched gas and high explosives.

As recruit troops they had lost much of their rawness, even while they imagined they were being freshly lacerated. The challenge of the Vesle had come to them in the form of a gauntlet of steel hurled with crushing impact. Now they were ready to fling that steel back at the Boche, shell for shell, bayonet for bayonet, and bullet for bullet, until the enemy, forced back to another river, the Meuse, cried that he had had enough.

In the career of every army—and every man, for that matter—there is a Vesle episode which demands an answer to the question: "Can you take punishment as well as give it?"

Saying "I Will" by Wireless

(Continued from Page 11)

At the same time, in Oregon, great areas of lumber are being burned to the ground because there is no aerial patrol quickly to report the start of fires and thus protect the forests.

In connection with the use of aircraft and radio telephone in fire fighting, it is reported that in one case a large fire was quickly put out by skillful direction of men from an airplane. The observers from above, who could see the entire fire, were better able to direct than the men on the ground, who could see only a part of the area at one time.

The first instance on record of an airplane aiding in a large conflagration was during the Morgantown explosion, when a large section of the munition factories started to burn. An aerial inspection of the fire enabled the firemen to isolate a large section of valuable explosives, which otherwise would have been lost and the explosion of which would have been most dangerous.

In the future the direction of any large body of men operating together will necessitate the use of aircraft and the radio telephone. During the war this was realized by officers working on radio developments and an effort was made to produce apparatus and get it over to the other side—apparatus suitable for directing troops during operations by officers flying about them. In England, a lecture was delivered to a scientific body in London by a lecturer flying 2,000 feet over the hall. Those who made the arrangements thoughtfully relayed the applause to the airplane, so that the lecturer above did not miss the approval of the crowd below.

But you will not be compelled to go outside your own home to enjoy the advantages of radio telephony. Even before the war, if you were within twenty miles or so of New York City, you could have enjoyed a free jazz concert via radio telephone while contentedly smoking your pipe in a Morris chair. An ordinary home-made receiving set is all that is necessary to receive music and press news being sent out every night.

THERE is no more interesting way to receive news than by radio. I well remember spending most of the days and nights of that stirring month of August, 1914, getting the news that led up to the entry of ten nations into the war from stations on both sides of the ocean—getting it, moreover, several hours before the New York papers were able to print the news.

The dissemination of news by radio, which reaches any and all points at the

same time, will, in the near future, be used universally. Even now most of the large ranches in the West and Middle West not located near large cities are using radio news service, as well as receiving weather reports and radio time signals. The use of the radio telephone, instead of the radio telegraph, will make radio an important factor in every urban community. The radio telegraph necessitates a knowledge of the Morse code; but anyone who can hear over an ordinary telephone can use a radio telephone. On such occasions as that of the Willard-Dempsey fight it will be impossible to keep the farmhands away from the radio station, as the news will be broadcasted after each round by the radio telephone.

There are several developments made under the stress of war that have brought radio to a point where its usefulness will be multiplied many times and its application extended many fold. One is the improvement in the design and manufacture of vacuum tubes, "bottles" we used to call them. Manufacturing facilities were developed for the production of over a million tubes of standardized characteristics a year. By means of these tubes it is possible to convert the air waves produced by the vocal organs into radio waves and transmit them through the ether for long distances without distortion. It is also possible, by means of similar tubes, especially designed for the purpose, to receive weak signals and amplify them practically to any strength, so that an audience of any size may hear them.

ANOTHER device, the Alexander-son alternator, makes possible long distance radio telephone communication from land stations; it will make it possible to talk around the world in the near future by this means, so that the words spoken into an Alexander-son transmitter may be heard everywhere on earth where a suitable receiving set is in operation. Imagine what this means—if you try to slip away in your plane for a week-end in the Hawaiian Islands and you suddenly hear your wife's voice . . .

Roy A. Weagant, chief engineer of the Marconi Company, in a recent address before the Institute of Radio Engineers at New York, outlined the details of another important discovery which is overcoming one of the greatest problems encountered in radio communication. Unfortunately, the ether is not only burdened with radio messages, but other sounds come in through the antennae, which interfere

with the reception of signals. Particularly is this true in the summer months and during thunderstorms. The engineers of the Marconi Company have at last been able to turn this bugaboo aside and clear the air of all natural interference. The day is coming when this device will be applicable not only to the huge trans-Atlantic stations of today, but to all types of stations.

The improvements and advancements which have resulted from investigations carried on during the war has brought radio communication to such a high stage of development that it is becoming an increasingly important factor in the daily life of commerce and industry. Even now, months after war has ended, inadequate cable facilities only permit the sending of three hundred words of press news each day from Australia to the United States. The use of the radio telephone will make it possible to increase this many fold, with the result that our relations and mutual understanding will be brought much closer.

Important as radio communication was in war, its service in peace is even greater. It is offering opportunities for useful and interesting work for the thousands who came in contact with the radio art through the war.

Pigeons which flew with army messages during the war are to be used to maintain a service of communication between fishing smacks on Georges Banks and the Boston fish pier. In this manner skippers would be able to report their catches before they reach the market. The birds which will act as couriers for the fishermen were obtained recently from the army, and are now being trained by James P. Murphy of New Bedford, formerly of the Pigeon Section, Signal Corps.

During July 8,855 returned soldiers applied to the Bureau of Employment of the Pennsylvania State Department of Labor and Industry for positions and 6,700 were placed. There were 312 fewer positions offered by employers than the number of soldier applicants, but numerous employers asked for soldiers, especially those who had served in France.

The Bureau's branch offices received applications from 118,729 civilians for work and 15,150 were directed to jobs, while of 1,508 women who applied 1,244 received places. Reports from branches indicate that the big industries of the State are sending in urgent demands for men and that many of the smaller industries are also seeking hands.

BACK IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 12)

work. She held it under one arm and took a hand and opened its mouth or bill, which wasn't hard as it was mostly open anyway. When I come to stick the 2 hairs laid straight down the critter's throat, it couldn't be done (*i. e.*, without twisting) as the Book says or not. I guess *i. e.* don't mean it's easy, because I'd get them to the back of the tongue and the knot would tickle and the hen would sneeze and blink its fool eyes and I guess of all animals hens has fewest brains. Their throats is so small. Then Jess took a turn while I held the hen, and she had better luck, and got the hairs in about three inches till they bent, like the book says, and just then the hen gives a terrible scream and struggles like mad.

"Twist it quick!" I hollers above the racket; "you've hooked her backbone."

"Hold the hen straight, then," Jess fires back, which it was nearly impossible. After a minute of wrestling she twists and yanks and sure enough it was just like the Book says and the hen was O. K.

WELL, the next hen got away with the hairs sticking out of its face like whiskers and walks away, ruffling and cussing. Jess give me 1-2 for dropping the hen and says can I catch a Jerry and not a hen and is hens stronger than Jerries, which they ain't, not near $\frac{1}{2}$ th so strong. But a fellow ain't sure when he is maybe squeezing a hen to death but a Jerry you don't care if you do. Both of them squawk about as much. Anyway I said the hens could gap their heads off for all of me and went and washed off the feathers off me. Last I seen of that party she was trying to get back the hairs, which wasn't no value anyway, the grocer's horse having lots more. I don't take much stock in hens, Joe.

Further than that they has nothing exciting happened. Them hens been laying enough eggs till they got sick to give us all we wanted and have some left over to sell, which they was bought by McKitry's, who lives in the big house on the hill. Jess is crazy about saving and making a little go a long way and I bet she can make less go further than any woman, only maybe those French women near the front. Things is high here, Joe, and \$40 a week don't let a family of 3 live in such luxury that it hurts them none, though we have enough. My wife is one grand little housekeeper and I hope she don't get tired of me. Bet you we got the neatest and cleanest place in town and the Pres. of the U. S. is lucky if his wife does so well, although it ain't hardly fair, the White House being

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more of a job for 1 woman than the Pinney residence.

I got to hit the hay early tonight, Joe, as they is a couple of new machines must be set up at the shop and I had ought to get there first thing in the a. m. You ought to see them machines, they almost got brains the way they work and saving the work which it is now being done by four men. The men don't like them, but the bosses do.

With friendly wishes to you and the gang I am going to sleep now, Joe. Next letter I'll sure tell you what May says she'd like from France, always supposing there was some poor boob simp enough to spend his dough on a skirt. Just a joke, Joe, from

Your friend,

WALT.

P. S.—Jess just says to me 1 of the hens has died. I should worry, it's less trouble to bury the critter than cure it.

The War Department still had nearly 35,000 tons of small arms and field gun ammunition and airplane bombs to bring back from France on July 30, the whole amount being valued at \$25,000,000. It included 121,000,000 rounds of rifle and 13,000,000 rounds of pistol cartridges, nearly 1,000,000 shrapnel and high-explosive shells for three-inch guns and 103,400 shells for eight-inch howitzers. This ammunition is in addition to the increasing stocks in storage at home.

KEEPING THE LEGION OUT OF
THE SKY

(Continued from Page 8)

tice and freedom and democracy mean the United States of America where every man has a chance to make of himself what he decides he would like to be, provided he is willing to work hard and not think of himself all the time. To save our system of government from attack, this country went to war with Germany. In our victory new meaning has been added to the principles for which we fought.

"The things we fought for we intend to safeguard," The American Legion declares, "and to pass them on in their new significance to the generations which come after us."

To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness and service to the nation.

A benediction to the ideals that have been explained. While working for the high purposes for which they are banded together, these former comrades of national service will make of their comradeship in peace a sacred association, a relationship removed from selfish activities and dedicated not only to the proposition that one American should lend a helping hand to another American wherever they meet along the road, but also to the acknowledgement that service to the nation takes precedence over service to The American Legion.

ADAMS Black Jack CHEWING GUM

Good for the Throat



Nobody
ever
changes
from
RAMESES
CIGARETTES

—the cigarette world
produces nothing better



PAY ARREARS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 24)

But when she is deceased his rights are superior to those of a brother or sister.

For each class of heirs there is a different form to execute. Each calls for different proof. The widow must make oath or affirm that she is the widow of the soldier and she must be identified as such by two reputable witnesses. The child must prove his relationship to the soldier and must furnish another form executed by two persons who are not heirs of the soldier and who are able of their own knowledge to make oath as to the name, date and place of death of the soldier's widow and to give the names and addresses of all the living sons and daughters and whether or not any deceased ones left issue. Likewise, the parents must make oath that the soldier left neither widow or children and their statements must be corroborated by two disinterested persons.

Both the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Effects Quartermaster require the execution of similar forms, and it sometimes happens that an heir believes that he has already executed a duplicate form for the arrears of pay. When told the contrary, he is somewhat piqued. Then, too, the heirs may have sent the Auditor's form to some other office, or *vice versa*. Eventually they are forwarded to the proper place, but all this requires time.

WHEN the executed form and the final statement reach the settling clerk's desk, the claim is ready for settlement, provided that final statement shows that the soldier was carrying neither a Liberty Loan or War Risk Insurance allotment. A statement of the amount due the soldier is then made and the case moves on to the reviewing board. This latter board is composed of a body of experienced, able clerks, who are familiar with all of the Comptroller of the Treasury's decisions bearing on the pay of men of the army and of the general work of the office. Here all the papers and the settlement receive a searching inspection and if the settlement is correct, the claim is then sent to the stenographers who prepare the certificates. One of the latter goes to the claimant and the other to the Division of Book-keeping and Warrants, where the War Settlement Warrant is prepared and mailed to the person in whose favor the settlement is made.

Should the final statement state that the soldier had an allotment, that fact must be investigated before settlement can be made. If it is found, after writing to the War Department, that the soldier's Liberty Loan was made to a Government institution and the

(Continued on Page 29)

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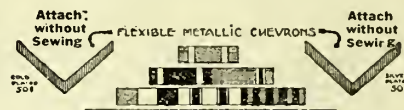
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PAY ARREARS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 28)

bond had not been fully paid for, then the deductions from the soldier's pay for this bond is paid to his heirs. If the bond is fully paid for, a request is made that it be delivered to the heirs. The same procedure is followed as to the War Risk allotments. If the allotment had been paid, the allotment is pro-rated for the period intervening between the date the soldier was last paid and the date of his death, and the sum is deducted from his final pay. In case the allotment had not been paid, the matter is adjusted.

When the company records are lost in action or the correct date of a soldier's death cannot be established, the matter of time becomes extended. The claimants often become impatient when their claim is not settled at an early date. They do not understand the delay, but their Government is hastening the settlement of the claims as rapidly as possible.

SWEET LAND OF BEEFSTEAK

(Continued from Page 22)

Whoosis's face from the bottom of his overseas cap to the ornaments on his collar.

Then the ride that Whoosis took on the train from Biarritz to duty at Bordeaux once more! Never more would he deride the 6:16 local on the D. R. & P.

He grabbed the Madrid-Paris express, which enjoyed the title of "The Rapide." Being an express, though, it was only forty-five minutes late on a four-hour run. Since "The Rapide" was distinguished by such a splendid reputation, less than forty per cent. of the passengers had to stand. Whoosis dried an eye as he thought of the Twentieth Century Limited.

Somebody has got to explain to Whoosis precisely why the pulling out of a train is such an event in France. The engineer can't release the throttle until everybody in the station consents to it. The Chef de Gare (corresponding to our station-master), and the assistant chef, and the assistant chef's assistant, and the baggage man and the third cousin of the ticket seller, and the local druggist and the local druggist's best customer and the best customer's nephew, all give a signal.

If the fireman decides after a consultation with the engineer that everything is quite ready, you hear the French for "All Aboard," and then you know you haven't more than ten minutes to wait.

The service made Private Whoosis a rip-roarin' catch-as-catch-can enthusiast for America, Americans and American methods.

"America first!"

Oui, oui. I'll say so.



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Sold by Drug and Department stores everywhere.

AS TO BONUSES

(Continued from Page 14)

Legion, so that the November convention will correctly represent the views of those who served in the Army and Navy during the recent war.

The November convention really marks the official birth of the American Legion. The caucus at Paris initiated the Legion in the A. E. F., and the caucus in St. Louis carried this initiation forward in the United States. Both caucuses were as representative as it was possible at the times to make them. But we are fully justified in believing that the convention in November will be so representative of our ex-service men as to determine policies of the American Legion which will in every way represent the desire and the spirit of those who served in the Great War.

that in regard to this bonus question

In the meantime I wish you to know the National Committee of the American Legion is taking no official action and the representatives of the Legion who will attend the November convention will have, of course, the freest opportunity for expressing their wishes and putting these wishes into effect.

Very Sincerely,

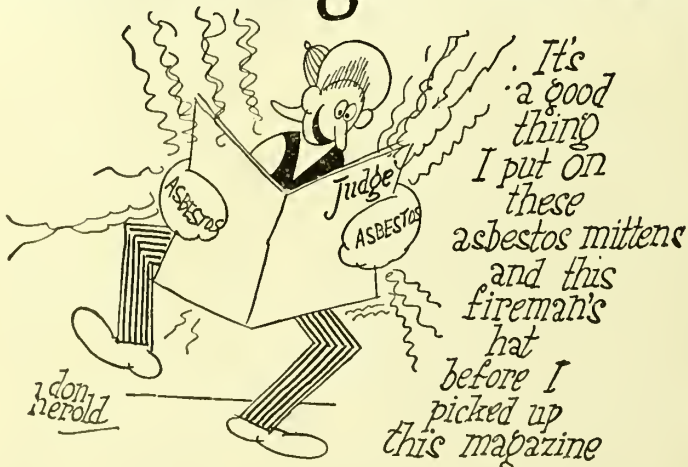
HENRY D. LINDSLEY,
Chairman.

Naturalization of non-citizen soldiers of the United States Army is being promoted by the Home Service Section of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross. This was announced by Mrs. John M. Glenn, the Chairman of the New York County organization. The principal effort is being made before the men are actually discharged from the service, but the Home Service visitors have been instructed to pursue the work in the homes of the men after they have returned.

American General Headquarters in Paris has announced that the 1st Division would begin to leave the Rhine on August 15. This will be the last division of the American Army of Occupation to go. The 3d Division has received orders to begin the homeward movement on August 2. After the 1st Division leaves there will be only 8,000 American soldiers on the Rhine.

A new casualty list, containing 104 names, was given out by the War Department, bringing the total for the army up to 297,623. This includes 4,534 prisoners released from German prison camps. No Marine Corps list was issued, but the total previously reported for that arm was 6,139. The total for the army and Marine Corps is now 303,762.

Ain't Angie Awful!



Don't miss Gelett Burgess' brilliant satire on the modern sex serial — "AIN'T ANGIE AWFUL!" — in this week's issue of JUDGE. All News Stands—10 Cents.

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